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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. X. History of the Netherlands.* By Thomas Colley Grattan. Longman and Co.; John Taylor. London, 1830.

NEVER did work appear at a more fortunate period: a History of the Netherlands, at all times a desideratum, is peculiarly so now that public attention is fixed on the revolutionising spirit which is at this moment disturbing the country. The volume before us is a compressed but clear and impartial narrative; it has neither the dramatic power which gives such life-like reality to Sir Walter Scott's pages, nor the philosophic spirit of enlightened deduction which characterises those of Sir James Macintosh; but it is marked with much industry: Vander-vynct and Schiller\* are its principal *matériel*; but sufficient attention has been paid to other authorities. The latter part of the work affords the chief novelty of quotation.

"*The Restoration of the House of Orange.*—The population of Amsterdam was reduced from 220,000 souls to 190,000, of which a fourth part derived their whole subsistence from charitable institutions, whilst another fourth part received partial succour from the same sources. At Haerlem, where the population had been chiefly employed in bleaching and preparing linen made in Brabant, whole streets were levelled with the ground, and more than 500 houses destroyed. At the Hague, at Delft, and in other towns, many inhabitants had been induced to pull down their houses, from inability to keep them in repair or pay the taxes. The preservation of the dykes, requiring an annual expense of 600,000*l.* sterling, was every where neglected. The sea inundated the country, and threatened to resume its ancient dominion. No object of ambition, no source of professional wealth or distinction, remained to which a Hollander could aspire. None could voluntarily enter the army or navy to fight for the worst enemy of Holland. The clergy were not provided with a decent competency. The ancient laws of the country, so dear to its pride and its prejudices, were replaced by the Code Napoleon; so that old practitioners had to recommence their studies, and young men were disgusted with the drudgery of learning a system which was universally pronounced unfit for a commercial country.

"A people inured to revolutions for upwards of two centuries, filled with proud recollections, and urged on by well-digested hopes, were the most likely to understand the best period and the surest means for success. An attempt that might have appeared to other nations rash, was proved to be wise both by the reasonings of its authors and its own results. The intolerable tyranny of France had made the population not only ripe but eager for revolt. This disposition was acted on by a few enterprising men, at once partisans of the house of Orange and patriots in the truest

sense of the word. It would be unjust to omit the mention of some of their names, in even this sketch of the events which sprang from their courage and sagacity. Count Styrum, Messieurs Repelaer d'Jonge, Van Hogen-dorp, Vander Duyn van Maassdam, and Chan-guion, were the chiefs of the intrepid junta which planned and executed the bold measures of enfranchisement, and drew up the outlines of the constitution which was afterwards enlarged and ratified. Their first movements at the Hague were totally unsupported by foreign aid. Their early cheeks from the exasperated French and their over-cautious countrymen would have deterred most men embarked in so perilous a venture; but they never swerved nor shrank back. At the head of a force, which courtesy and policy called an army, of 300 national guards badly armed, 50 citizens carrying fowling-pieces, 50 soldiers of the old Dutch guard, 400 auxiliary citizens armed with pikes, and a cavalry force of 20 young men, the confederates boldly proclaimed the prince of Orange, on the 17th of November, 1813, in their open village of the Hague, and in the teeth of a French force of full 10,000 men, occupying every fortress in the country.

"In this crisis it was most fortunate that the French prefect at the Hague, M. de Stas-sart, had stolen away on the earliest alarm; and the French garrison, of 400 chasseurs, aided by 100 well-armed custom-house officers, under the command of General Bouvier des Eclats, caught the contagious fears of the civil functionary. This force had retired to the old palace, a building in the centre of the town, the depot of all the arms and ammunition then at the Hague, and from its position, capable of some defence. But the general and his garrison soon felt a complete panic from the bold attitude of Count Styrum, who made the most of his little means, and kept up, during the night, a prodigious clatter by his twenty horse-men; sentinels challenging, amidst incessant singing and shouting, cries of '*Oranje boven!*' '*Vivant Oranje!*' and clamorous patrols of the excited citizens. At an early hour on the 18th, the French general demanded terms, and obtained permission to retire on Gorcum, his garrison being escorted as far as the village of Ryswick by the twenty cavaliers who composed the whole mounted force of the patriots."

"Still the wind continued adverse to arrivals from the English coast; the Cossacks, so often announced, had not yet reached the Hague, and the small unsupported parties in the neighbourhood of Amsterdam were in daily danger of being cut off. In this crisis the confederates were placed in a most critical position. On the eve of failure, and with the certainty, in such a result, of being branded as rebels and zealots, whose rashness had drawn down ruin on themselves, their families, and their country, it required no common share of fortitude to bear up against the danger that threatened them. Aware of its extent, they calmly and resolutely opposed it; and each seemed to vie with the others in energy and

firmness. The anxiety of the public had reached the utmost possible height. Every shifting of the wind was watched with nervous agitation. The road from the Hague to the sea was constantly covered with a crowd of every age and sex. Each sail that came in sight was watched and examined with intense interest; and at length, on the 26th of November, a small boat was seen to approach the shore, and the inquiring glances of the observers soon discovered that it contained an Englishman. This individual, who had come over on a mercantile adventure, landed amidst the loudest acclamation, and was conducted by the populace in triumph to the governor's. Dressed in an English volunteer uniform, he shewed himself in every part of the town, to the great delight of the people, who hailed him as the precursor and type of an army of deliverers. The French soon retreated before the marvellous exaggerations which the coming of this single Englishman gave rise to. The Dutch displayed great ability in the transmission of false intelligence to the enemy. On the 27th, Mr. Fagel arrived from England with a letter from the prince of Orange, announcing his immediate coming; and, finally, the disembarkation of 200 English marines on the 29th, was followed the next day by the landing of the prince, whose impatience to throw himself into the open arms of his country, made him spurn every notion of risk, and every reproach for rashness. He was received with indescribable enthusiasm. The generous flame rushed through the whole country. No bounds were set to the affectionate confidence of the nation; and no prince ever gave a nobler example of gratitude. As the people every where proclaimed William I. sovereign prince, it was proposed that he should every where assume that title. It was, however, after some consideration, decided that no step of this nature should be taken till his most serene highness had visited the capital. On the 1st of December the prince issued a proclamation to his countrymen, in which he states his hopes of becoming, by the blessing of Providence, the means of restoring them to their former state of independence and prosperity. 'This,' continued he, 'is my only object; and I have the satisfaction of assuring you, that it is also the object of the combined powers. This is particularly the wish of the prince regent and the British nation; and it will be proved to you by the succour which that powerful people will immediately afford you, and which will, I hope, restore those ancient bonds of alliance and friendship which were a source of prosperity and happiness to both countries.' This address being distributed at Amsterdam, a proclamation, signed by the commissioners of the confederate patriots, was published there the same day: it contained the following passages, remarkable as being the first authentic declaration of the sovereignty subsequently conferred on the prince of Orange:—'The uncertainty which formerly existed as to the executive

\* We instance these as embracing the most interesting part of the history.

power will no longer paralyse your efforts. It is not William the sixth stadtholder whom the nation recalls, without knowing what to hope or expect from him; but William I., who offers himself as sovereign prince of this free country.' The following day, the 2d of December, the prince made his entry into Amsterdam. He did not, like some other sovereigns, enter by a breach through the constitutional liberties of his country, in imitation of the conquerors from the Olympic games, who returned to the city by a breach in its walls: he went forward borne on the enthusiastic greetings of his fellow-countrymen, and meeting their confidence by a full measure of magnanimity. On the 3d of December he published an address, from which we shall quote one paragraph.—"You desire, Netherlands! that I should be entrusted with a greater share of power than I should have possessed but for my absence. Your confidence, your affection, offer me the sovereignty; and I am called upon to accept it, since the state of my country and the situation of Europe require it. I accede to your wishes. I overlook the difficulties which may attend such a measure; I accept the offer which you have made me; but I accept it only on one condition,—that it shall be accompanied by a wise constitution, which shall guarantee your liberties, and secure them against every attack. My ancestors sowed the seeds of your independence: the preservation of that independence shall be the constant object of the efforts of myself and those around me."

We select one or two anecdotes. "It does not appear that Friesland possessed any large towns, with the exception of Staveren. In this respect the Frisians resembled those ancient Germans who had a horror of shutting themselves up within walls. They lived in a way completely patriarchal; dwelling in isolated cabins, and with habits of the utmost frugality. We read in one of their old histories, that a whole convent of Benedictines was terrified at the voracity of a German sculptor who was repairing their chapel. They implored him to look elsewhere for his food; for that he and his sons consumed enough to exhaust the whole stock of the monastery."

"The spirit of constitutional liberty and legal equality which now animated the various provinces, is strongly marked in the history of the time by two striking and characteristic incidents. At the death of Philip the Bold, his widow deposited on his tomb her purse, and the keys which she carried at her girdle in token of marriage; and by this humiliating ceremony she renounced her rights to a succession overloaded with her husband's debts. In the same year (1404) the widow of Albert count of Holland and Hainault, finding herself in similar circumstances, required of the bailiff of Holland and the judges of his court permission to make a like renunciation. The claim was granted; and to fulfil the requisite ceremony, she walked at the head of the funeral procession, carrying in her hand a blade of straw, which she placed on the coffin. We thus find that in such cases the reigning families were held liable to follow the common usages of the country. From such instances there required but little progress in the principle of equality to reach the republican contempt for rank, which made the citizens of Bruges in the following century arrest their count for his private debts."

*Curious Party Titles.*—"We must not omit to notice the existence of two factions, which, for near two centuries, divided and agitated the whole population of Holland and Zealand."

One bore the title of *Hoeks* (fishing-hooks); the other was called *Kaabeljauws* (cod fish.) The origin of these burlesque denominations was a dispute between two parties at a feast, as to whether the cod-fish took the hook, or the hook the cod-fish? This apparently frivolous dispute was made the pretext for a serious quarrel; and the partisans of the nobles and those of the towns ranged themselves at either side, and assumed different badges of distinction. The *Hoeks*, partisans of the towns, wore red caps: the *Kaabeljauws* wore grey ones. In Jacqueline's quarrel with Philip of Burgundy, she was supported by the former; and it was not till the year 1492 that the extinction of that popular and turbulent faction struck a final blow to the dissensions of both."

*Splendour of the Ancient Flemings.*—"At a repast given by one of the counts of Flanders to the Flemish magistrates, the seats they occupied were unfurnished with cushions. Those proud burghers folded their sumptuous cloaks and sat on them. After the feast they were retiring without retaining these important and costly articles of dress; and on a courtier reminding them of their apparent neglect, the burgomaster of Bruges replied, 'We Flemings are not in the habit of carrying away the cushions after dinner!'"

A similar story is told of Robert duke of Normandy.

"The meetings of the different towns for the sports of archery were signalised by the most splendid display of dress and decoration. The archers were habited in silk, damask, and the finest linen, and carried chains of gold of great weight and value. Luxury was at its height among women. The queen of Philip the Fair of France, on a visit to Bruges, exclaimed, with astonishment not unmixed with envy, 'I thought myself the only queen here; but I see six hundred others who appear more so than I.'"

After commemorating the escape of Grotius by the heroic efforts of his wife, Mr. Grattan says, it "only found a parallel in European history after a lapse of two centuries. We allude to the escape of Lavalette from the prison of the Conciergerie, in Paris, in 1815, which so painfully excited the interest of all Europe for the intended victim's wife, whose reason was the forfeit of her exertion." Our author owed it to his countrywomen to have remembered a similar act of affectionate devotion performed by Lady Nitthdale, who effected her husband's escape, and remained in his place, when the Scotch lords suffered for their attachment to the ill-fated Stuart cause.

#### *Excerpta Historica; or, Illustrations of English History. Part II. pp. circ. 100. S. Bentley.*

THIS Number has followed its predecessor after a longer interval than was intended by the editors, according to their first announcement. A perusal of its pages, however, will perhaps account for the delay, since they bear internal evidence of the care and research with which the subjects of the several papers have been investigated, as well as of the ability with which they are edited. In a work intended to be entirely illustrative of English history, despatch is not so much an object as accuracy. The promise held out by Part I. is realised in the present; for if the articles are not so numerous or various, they are of equal merit, and will amply gratify the curious and learned. It commences with the conclusion of the last article in the former, entitled "Privy-purse expenses

of Henry VII." Many of the extracts relating to the royal expenses and disbursements are remarkable as well as interesting; and we hope to see the publication of such papers encouraged, which are not only valuable in confirming or confirming points of history, but in bringing us acquainted with the manners and habits of the times. The notes and illustrations are also laudable additions, and furnish the result of much reading.

The next article is the "Will of Sir William Walworth," well known as a distinguished citizen of the fourteenth century, and twice Lord Mayor of London. The particulars relating to Sir William, prefixed, and the bequests of the will, are curious and numerous—those relating to his books are particularly so; and the extent of his collections shew that the good citizens of those days were not altogether indifferent to learning, though some portion of their time may have been devoted to banqueting. Next follows some state papers and original letters in the reign of Richard II. and Henry VI., with introductory notices. The fourth article is attractive, and relates to the issue of Catherine Roelt, wife of John of Gaunt, by her first husband. Some doubts were entertained as to the legitimacy of her son, Sir Thomas Swynford; and we have here the letters patent of King Henry IV. certifying his legitimacy. This article contains an account of the children of Catherine Roelt by John of Gaunt, who were legitimated by King Richard II., in 1397, and in confirmation of which, letters of legitimation were granted by Henry IV.; and upon this subject we have some facts entirely new, respecting the exception which these patents have been generally said to contain against the accession to the throne of the children of John of Gaunt by Catherine Roelt.

"It has been generally considered, that the instrument by which the Beauforts were legitimated contains a special exception with respect to the royal dignity; but a very remarkable fact has been recently discovered on the subject. The patent, as originally granted, contains no such reservation, nor was it introduced into the copy which was entered on the rolls of parliament when it received the sanction of the legislature; but when Henry IV. exemplified and confirmed the grant of Richard to the Earl of Somerset in 1407, the words, '*excepta dignitate regali*,' appear to have been added to the enrolment of the grant on the patent rolls; for those words occur on it as an interlineation, and from the difference in the colour of the ink, are presumed to have been inserted at a subsequent period, though the hand is very nearly the same. In the exemplification by Henry IV. in 1407, the words are inserted; and the following explanation of the circumstance is probably not far from the truth. Henry IV. was the son of John of Gaunt, and finding that the grant to his father's issue by Katherine Swynford might authorise them to assert a claim to the throne, on the failure of his own issue, as representatives of the line of Lancaster, probably thought it prudent to prevent such an occurrence by assuming a power which would now be held illegal, of adding a reservation to the grant of his predecessor, and obliging one of the grantees to receive a confirmation of that grant with the exception introduced into it, as if it had formed part of the original document. It escaped Henry, however, that the grant had become an act of parliament, and that even if he had the right, of his own authority, to qualify a former grant, he could not interpolate a statute; so that in a

legal view the addition to the patent of the 20 Rich. II. on the patent rolls is of no effect. From this singular fact it may be concluded, that as the issue of John of Gaunt were recognised by parliament as being legitimate, and as being capable of possessing all honours, dignities, pre-eminences, &c. without any reservation whatever, Henry VII. was, as he described himself, the lineal heir of John of Gaunt, and the representative of the house of Lancaster. If however, as is not impossible, though the dates render it improbable, John Beaufort, the eldest son of John of Gaunt by Katherine Swynford, was born before Henry IV., the king's motive for introducing this exception into the patent is still more obvious, because without such a reservation a question might have arisen whether Beaufort, as the eldest son, had not, by that instrument, a prior right to the crown to Henry himself, supposing any legal claim to the throne could have been derived from John of Gaunt, whilst descendants remained of his elder brothers."

To this paper follow some verses alluding to political parties about the year 1449: they are singular, from the circumstance of each individual referred to being designated by his badge, or heraldic device, which has led to the identity of the persons intended. The article in the former Number on "Standards" is then continued; and the Part concludes with "an account of the celebrated tournament between Lord Scales and the Bastard of Burgundy;" an article of high historical interest, and affording abundant proof of the research and care with which, as we have already stated, this publication appears to us to be conducted. Independently of the interest which the subject itself will excite with many persons, the fact, that historians have assigned wrong causes and dates to this memorable combat, will be sufficient to render the present narrative not only an acceptable but valuable addition to our historical collections.

The assertion of most historians, that this combat occurred in honour of the marriage of Margaret, the king's sister, is shewn to be unfounded; and the cause is related in the following extract:—

"It was a short time before his [Lord Scales's] sister's coronation that the singular adventure happened, with which the ancient narrative of this tournament begins. On Wednesday in Easter week, being the 17th of April, 1465, in the fifth year of Edw. IV., Anthony Lord Scales was at high mass, probably in the chapel of the palace at Richmond, then called Shene; on his return from which, he was surrounded by the ladies of the court, who placed a gold collar on his thigh, with a flower of souvenance, made of jewellery, which he immediately understood was to be the prize of some chivalrous exploit. He was then about twenty-four years of age, and in high esteem as a most accomplished nobleman. Delighted with the idea of this enterprise, on the next day he wrote a long letter from the palace to the Count de la Roche, commonly called the Bastard of Burgundy, challenging or requesting him to perform a feat of arms in October following. On Friday, in the presence-chamber, the king gave permission to Lord Scales to accomplish the enterprise, and to send Chester Herald with the message to the Bastard; which was attested by the high constable, under his seal, at London, on the following Monday. Chester began his voyage without delay, and entered Brussels on the 30th of April, where he executed his commission; and after having been entertained in the most honourable man-

ner, took his leave on the 10th of May, bearing with him a letter to Lord Scales."

The Bastard of Burgundy accepted, as is known, the challenge; and the detail of the proceedings, from its origin to the close of the tournament, will be found in this article, which is very minute, and consequently of considerable length. The sources whence the memorials of this transaction have been derived are stated, together with many particulars relating to Lord Scales and the Duke of Burgundy. To the narrative itself, we recommend our readers' attention, assuring the learned and the curious in the early periods of our history, that they will be fully repaid for the time they bestow upon it.

*The Alexandrians; an Egyptian Tale of the Fourth Century.* 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. Whittaker, Treacher, and Co.

An interesting tale, and which has the advantage of being placed at a period which embraces historic ground as yet but little trodden, though rich in varied events and picturesque accessories. Perhaps the following chariot-race is as fair a specimen as we can select without breaking in upon the narrative.

"Menodorus was awakened one morning at early dawn by so considerable a clamour, that he feared another revolution was taking place in the city; but found the streets covered with men dressed in the gayest colours and holding banners, while every one seemed shouting 'The red! the white! or the green!' with a vociferation that seemed to threaten destruction upon any one who did not join in their own cry. The election of a consul at Rome could hardly have given more animation to the countenances of men, who seemed ready to devote their lives for the glorious object they had in view; but Menodorus knew that the racing factions were beating up for partisans for the grand exhibition, which was to take place that day in the circus, and that the supplies of coloured strips of linen or silk were presented to the mob according as each declared himself a favourer of a certain colour. The wealthy were canvassed in a different manner. The charioteers themselves, generally belonging to the middle or lower classes, who often acquired great wealth, and were as often ruined, had previously insinuated themselves by personal address, or by the influence of their particular supporters, into the favour of the principal people. By personal address they were able often to prevail, for these men were frequently admitted into the society of the dissipated nobles, who were especially absorbed with the pursuits of horse-racing, and consequently more peculiarly at home in the conversations of their charioteers. These nobles often possessed chariots, and employed party-men as drivers; but not unfrequently they would take the reins themselves. They would also act as canvassers among the rest of the town, and thus not only spent considerable sums themselves, but induced even their tradespeople to contribute to the prize of the party colour; for the rewards were sums of money or presents, entirely dependent on the subscription of the day."

The party of the civil and military rulers advanced to the opposite side of the circus, where they descended from their horses, and took their seats in the gallery under a splendid canopy, immediately over the dens or starting places of the chariots. No one else had the privilege of entering through the arena, but ascended to their seats from the exterior, the lower rows being the most distinguished; and at the top of

all, the common people stood *en masse*. Availings to the south sheltered the company from the burning sun, and a fine prospect to the north took in the sea, the palace, and the groves extending towards the Canopian shore. The crowded circus was now agitated with impatience for a trial of the three factions, for which greater expectations had been raised than for any that had already occupied the attention of the day. The chariots for the match were already ranged along according to lot. Syrianus patronised the green, and had made great exertion towards reviving his popularity, by considerable donations among this powerful faction,—which might almost be considered as an Arian party, so much were doctrinal disputes intermixed with their amusements,—and the equipage about to start for the present match was his own. The garment of his charioteer, of the characteristic colour, was nearly covered with gold leaves; his legs were bare, and on his golden sandals blazed the richest jewels. The carriage itself was of the same costume as the man, and the whole trappings of the horses adorned with gold. Next stood a chariot exquisitely elegant in form, so thickly studded, that it seemed to be made of ivory and silver. The beautiful gray horses, less fiery than their neighbours, appeared of that noble disposition which prompts them to sacrifice themselves to their master's ambition, who held them at the most complete command. He, a figure of delicate proportion, whose silvery tunic was like the dress of Gany-mede, owned not the slavish birth of his rivals, while his pointed cap was more than ordinarily covered with jewels. It was Oresander, the rich, the gay, the man of taste, who hoped for more than glory at this day's conquest; for Euphemia at last had been brought to give her applause to the white, and had promised, after a long series of playful scorn and provocations, to reward him as he deserved, if he risked his neck at this competition. Though Euphemia never meant to give him more than the most complete contempt, she by no means chose to consider her words as insincere, for by them she intended as her good sense made her judge. Indolent by nature, and surrounded by a host of admirers, she seemed roused to exertion only by the spirit of sarcasm, levelled principally at the disconsolate victims in the shape of twisted compliments or double-meaning assurances, who, as often as they complained, were certain of having from her a complete justification and proof of what she termed her sincerity, and of their blind credulity or vanity. There was in Euphemia something better than this ridicule and flirting mania, and sometimes she surprised others, and even herself, by proofs of good sense from a girl who generally talked in the most trifling manner, and whose idleness seemed to favour the greatest ignorance. The red faction, peculiarly hostile to Syrianus, had its equipage on the other side of the white, and, rivaling its competitors in magnificence, excelled both in the force and fire of its horses, whose eager eyes anticipated the space before them. The arbiter who stood before the goal, on the spina, or raised place running down the centre of the oblong arena, adorned with three ancient obelisks, now dropped a handkerchief: at the signal the ropes across the horses were let fall, and the chariots flew. As if no restraint had ever bound them, the young horses of the red chariot dashed along, devouring the ground; the others kept behind in equal pace, and seemed to be reserving their powers. On passing the place where Euphemia sat, Oresander



elevated his reins, as if dedicating them to her. And now the applause for the red redoubled, and the conductor of the green urged forward his noble steeds: still Oresander kept by his side without provoking on his horses; it seemed as if the generous creatures wanted not even to be reminded of their duty, so lightly did their master hold the reins, such confidence did he place in the faithful animals. Three pillars had already been taken down at the extremity of the spina out of the seven which marked the number of courses; when the horses of the red, fired with the tumult and appearance of the multitudes, flew with increasing rapidity: with over-arching necks, with starting and fixed eyes, they no longer saw the scene which had alarmed them, but giving up themselves to ungovernable fury, the friends of the party feared their victory would be paid for at a terrible price. Another goal was cleared, and the space of half the circus left behind the rivals—the horses ran nearer and nearer to the spina—in vain did the charioteer exert his utmost energies to make them take a wider circle: arrived at the extremity, they dashed with violence against the wall, and horses, man, and chariot, were strewn upon the dust. But little pity was heard among the deafening shouts for the two remaining competitors. The champion of the green now urged on his horses to the utmost speed, and Syrius already congratulated himself on the victory, and the consequent approbation of the mob. Oresander for the first time condescended to lash his noble steeds, but gently, as if he were in play, while with careless grace he stood, holding the reins so slightly in his hand as would Apollo in his car, when the celestial horses know the circles of their master. No continued urging is required, at the touch they fly; with no violence, with no excess of exertion, they outstrip the straining speed of their rivals. The difficulty was to avoid the scattered fragments and kicking animals of the unfortunate conductor of the red. Syrius's chariot had cleared well the obstructed point; but by the time he approached the approving patron, Oresander had gained his side, who, cutting off the succeeding goal from his antagonist's horse, so closely passed his chariot in front of their heads, that his rival involuntarily checked them for an instant. Again, however, he drives on with more rapidity than ever, but is left far behind, and the acclamations of the circus proclaim the patrician conqueror. Borne upon a golden shield of triumph, he was carried round the arena, flowers were showered on his head, and even Euphemia exerted herself to throw a garland, which he caught, and flung over his white neck. The duke placed a golden crown on his head, which he had brought for the victorious charioteer, and complimented him in flattering strains. The money was then placed in Oresander's hand; he immediately threw it on the arena."

A very beautiful character of St. Athanasius is introduced: Euphemia is an exceedingly lively sketch, and well contrasted with Hermione. The note in the preface about St. Athanasius' Creed might as well have been omitted: it conveys an erroneous impression of the contents of the future pages, as giving an opening to religious controversy, for which a novel seems to us a most unfitting vehicle.

*The National Library, No. I. Galt's Life of Byron.*

THE complaints made of Moore's *Life of Byron*, as they are referred to in the preface of the volume before us, may be summed up

in two objections; first, that it was too private; and secondly, too favourable. The phrase, "intrusion into private life," appears to us mere cant, as applied to a public character. Those who come openly forward to place the great stake of their lives on opinion, must expect its exercise; and the interior of a great man's life is almost as much general property as his external, inasmuch as the one influences the other; and it is unfair to repine, that the curiosity he himself has excited, he himself must gratify. A poet speaks of feelings, sorrows, and experience; and in exact proportion to his popularity will be the desire to learn how much of these were truly his own. Those are the very Canutes of fame, who would say to the tide of popular interest, Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther. As matter for deep reflection, as means of solving the great problem of human nature, both as warning and as encouragement, all relating to a man like Byron is public property. Praise has its penalty; and neither he nor those connected with him have a right to claim that domestic privacy, from which themselves first and voluntarily stepped forth. To drag those from retirement, which they have in no instance voluntarily quitted, is as reprehensible as it is indelicate; but a man who courts fame, which is built on opinion, must expect to be canvassed by the tribunal to which he appeals. Secondly, as to Moore's likeness being too favourable: we must say, that the conclusions we draw from Galt's account, taken by a stricter hand, and in darker colours, have yet left on our minds an impression decidedly in Byron's favour. His childhood was peculiarly unfortunate—unfortunate in wanting that wholesome restraint which is the great principle both in laws and education. At this period, too, was doubtless received the impression of shame and horror at his personal deformity. Mr. Galt mentions that the neighbours used to call him "Mrs. Byron's crookit devil." He himself records the agony he felt on hearing his mother tauntingly allude to it. Now whether we blame, regret, or regard it as of no consequence, we all must admit, that the notice given to children, and in which they all delight, is universally attracted by their beauty: "bless your pretty face!" is as common a phrase in the lower, as "what a little angel!" is in the upper ranks. We have often thought, that a most pathetic essay might be written on the sorrows of ugly children. A child has quick perception, but no discrimination,—a faculty only to be acquired by the comparisons made by experience; and the idea of his defect being repulsive, once suggested, this idea would naturally be seized on by his susceptible temper, to account for whatever he might encounter of neglect or mortification; and on the importance and indelibility of childish impressions no one need enlarge. Of his school days we shall quote one anecdote, and the heroism of the conduct it records may speak for itself.

"While Lord Byron and Mr. Peel were at Harrow together, a tyrant a few years older, whose name was ..... claimed a right to fag little Peel, which claim (whether rightly or wrongly, I know not) Peel resisted. His resistance, however, was in vain: ..... not only subdued him, but determined to punish the refractory slave; and proceeded forthwith to put this determination in practice by inflicting a kind of bastinado on the inner fleshy side of the boy's arm, which during the operation was twisted round with some degree of technical skill, to render the pain more acute. While the stripes were succeeding each other, and poor Peel writhing under them, Byron saw

and felt for the misery of his friend, and although he knew that he was not strong enough to fight ..... with any hope of success, and that it was dangerous even to approach him, he advanced to the scene of action, and with a blush of rage, tears in his eyes, and a voice trembling between terror and indignation, asked very humbly if ..... 'would be pleased to tell him how many stripes he meant to inflict?' 'Why,' returned the executioner, 'you little rascal, what is that to you?' 'Because, if you please,' said Byron, holding out his arm, 'I would take half.'"

His marriage was the rock on which his whole after-life wrecked: to use Lockhart's expressive words,—"If there be one curse which comes to earth direct as the crow flies, with all the steam of hell hot about it, it is an ill-assorted marriage." It seems to us a most affected delicacy, which in such a case would abstain from seeking grounds whereon to form an opinion, or expressing it when formed. Lord Byron was all his life before the public eye; and those who shared his celebrity, must share it whether as matter of vanity or annoyance. We think there is no sort of reproach to be thrown on Lady Byron's actual conduct; but the explanation of the whole is, that she had no love for her husband,—none of that kindly and feminine affection which makes all the excellence it finds, and softens away the very faults it discovers. The very fact that, on such slight grounds as those of late, she has not hesitated to throw the most odious imputations on the dead, shews at least how little of attachment or forgiveness enters into a temper whose seeming at least is cold and unforgiving. Mutual indulgence is the only safety of domestic content: such a wife might be perfectly irreplicable; but there are few men who would not be tempted to exclaim, Thank Heaven she is not mine! Beyond the chilling vanity of conquest, she seems to have neither appreciated nor admired his genius, and certainly had no love for himself; but the last summing up of conclusions is in the words of his servant Fletcher, "that her ladyship was the only woman who could not manage him."

The time of Lord Byron's departure from England is one, we hold, of extreme hardship: his separation from his wife was a sufficiently sore point, without all the blame being laid upon himself; and now that much of party cant and clamour has died away, few will deny the bitterness which the extreme injustice of the sentence endeavoured to be passed on his literary fame must have excited. He could not but know, he had erected a noble and lasting monument in the literature of that very country he was being accused of endeavouring to destroy and corrupt; and whatever may be said of the immorality of his writings after he left England,\* it must be bigotry, not criticism, that would apply that reproach to his previous works. This leads us to the warfare between him and Southey, which Mr. Galt slightly dismisses, by saying his lordship was the first aggressor. True; but the revenge seems very disproportioned to the offence. The very worst that can be said of the lines in the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, is, that they were the hasty and ill-judged effusion of an angry

\* We cannot but consider the tone and spirit of much of Lord Byron's later writings as calculated to do injury, when we reflect on the multitude of readers, who, having no opinions of their own, are content to take so many on trust: an influential writer should, we think, rather err on the side of overcaution. That irrelevant style in speaking of religion, and of grossness as respects morals, may be palliated, but surely not defended.



and young writer, himself smarting under injustice; and the violence of Mr. Southey's own youth ought to have taught him indulgence towards another: but really the evil and unrelenting spirit in which this early offence was resented, was equally malignant, rancorous, and ill-judged. We admire Mr. Southey's talents—we respect his private character; unfortunately, his public course is peculiarly open to censure, and attractive to the satirist. As George III. said of another accommodating gentleman, "You may change opinions, but not principles:" and true; for our opinions depend on circumstances, which may alter; but our principles, on that immutable sense of right and wrong, which can never vary. And when youth, generally speaking the season of our best impulses and truest feelings, acknowledges that its whole course has been evil and unjust, this seems but a bad foundation for future character: like the Turks, we are inclined to think that he who has made a bad Christian will make but an indifferent Mussulman. This is the rule to which, however, we admit Mr. Southey has been the exception: we wish all changes were as much for the better as his have been: he is among the great and useful ornaments of our literature; and all in this dispute we could have wished him was, a better memory and a little more moderation.\*

The whole affair of the *Liberal* was one of Byron's greatest faults and greatest mistakes: a production equally levelled against the government and religion of his country, was as bad in design as it was wretched in execution. With regard to his connexion with Hunt, we blame Lord Byron for the folly which led to it: whose toucheth pitch must be defiled. Even allowing that he looked forward to profit, we see no cause for reprehension: a man's talents are as much his property as his estate; and his disgust towards Leigh Hunt strongly manifested itself before it could have resulted either from their journal's loss or gain. And when we consider the mingled meanness and insolence, the vulgarity, the ingratitude, the ludicrous vanity of the grounding, we cannot wonder at the existence of such a feeling.

On his Greek expedition we have only to say, there were plenty to make jobs out of loans, silly speeches about the press and ancient glories, which had nothing to do with present necessities, without Lord Byron. It was a forlorn hope, led on against notoriety; and he wilfully allowed his imagination to blind him, both to the extent of the services he could render, and to their concomitant advantages. With one brief regret we close this summary: the great misfortune of Lord Byron's life was its want of serious and well-grounded religious faith: great and good men too have doubted; and all we say is, that he who wants that religious principle which will support in life and soothe in death, we will not take upon ourselves to blame, but we most sincerely pity.

We have reserved for this number a series of miscellaneous extracts, to which we now proceed.

\* We cannot refrain from observing the difference between the line of conduct pursued by Mr. Southey and Mr. Moore. Under a much more aggravated offence, what frankness, good humour, and kindly feeling, did the latter evince. The one pursued the weak and violent conduct of the recluse, exaggerating the importance of a literary quarrel, and expecting all the world to take up his cause: the other, aware of how little society cares, beyond the gossiping of the moment, for what interferes not with itself, treating the matter as it deserved, asking redress openly, receiving apology generously, and throwing into the whole a portion of his own playful spirit.

"The wetness of the weather obliged them to remain several days at Keratée, during which they took the opportunity of a few hours of sunshine, to ascend the mountain of Parné in quest of a cave, of which many wonderful things were reported in the country. Having found the entrance, kindled their pine torches, and taken a supply of strips of the same wood, they let themselves down through a narrow aperture; creeping still farther down, they came into what seemed a large subterranean hall, arched as it were with high cupolas of crystal, and divided into long aisles by columns of glittering spar, in some parts spread into wide horizontal chambers, in others terminated by the dark mouths of deep and steep abysses receding into the interior of the mountain. The travellers wandered from one grotto to another until they came to a fountain of pure water, by the side of which they lingered some time, till observing that their torches were wasting, they resolved to return; but after exploring the labyrinth for a few minutes, they found themselves again close beside this mysterious spring. It was not without reason they then became alarmed, for the guide confessed with trepidation that he had forgotten the intricacies of the cave, and knew not how to recover the outlet. Byron often described this adventure with spirit and humour. Magnifying both his own and his friends' terrors; and though of course there was caricature in both, yet the distinction was characteristic. Mr. Hobhouse being of a more solid disposition naturally, could discern nothing but a grave cause for dread in being thus lost in the bowels of the earth; Byron, however, described his own anxiety as a species of excitement and titillation which moved him to laughter. Their escape from starvation and being buried alive was truly providential. While roaming in a state of despair from cave to cell; climbing up narrow apertures; their last pine-torch fast consuming; totally ignorant of their position, and all around darkness, they discovered, as it were by accident, a ray of light gleaming towards them; they hastened towards it, and arrived at the mouth of the cave." \* \* \*

*His Mother's Death.*—"Notwithstanding her violent temper and other unseemly conduct, her affection for him had been so fond and dear, that he undoubtedly returned it with unaffected sincerity; and from many casual and incidental expressions which I have heard him employ concerning her, I am persuaded that his filial love was not at any time even of an ordinary kind. During her life he might feel uneasy respecting her, apprehensive on account of her ungovernable passions and indiscretions; but the manner in which he lamented her death clearly proves that the integrity of his affection had never been impaired. On the night after his arrival at the Abbey, the waiting-woman of Mrs. Byron in passing the door of the room where the corpse lay, heard the sound of some one sighing heavily within, and on entering found his lordship sitting in the dark beside the bed. She remonstrated with him for so giving way to grief; when he burst into tears, and exclaimed, 'I had but one friend in the world, and she is gone.' Of the fervency of his sorrow I do therefore think there can be no doubt; the very endeavour which he made to conceal it by indifference, was a proof of its depth and anguish, though he hazarded the strictures of the world by the indecorum of his conduct on the occasion of the funeral. Having declined to follow the remains himself, he stood looking from the hall-door at the procession,

till the whole had moved away; and then, turning to one of the servants, the only person left, he desired him to fetch the sparring-gloves, and proceeded with him to his usual exercise. But the scene was impressive, and spoke eloquently of a grieved heart;—he sparring in silence all the time, and the servant thought that he hit harder than was his habit: at last he suddenly flung away the gloves, and retired to his own room."

Speaking of his peculiar temperament, Mr. Galt observes:

"Lord Byron possessed these sort of irrepressible predilections—was so much the agent of impulses, that he could not keep long in unison with the world, or in harmony with his friends. Without malice, or the instigation of any ill spirit, he was continually provoking malignity and revenge. His verses on the Princess Charlotte weeping, and his other merciless satire on her father, begot him no friends, and armed the hatred of his enemies. There was, indeed, something like ingratitude in the attack on the regent—for his royal highness had been particularly civil; had intimated a wish to have him introduced to him; and Byron, fond of the distinction, spoke of it with a sense of gratification. These instances, as well as others, of gratuitous spleen, only justified the misrepresentations which had been insinuated against himself; and what was humour in his nature, was ascribed to vice in his principles. Before the year was at end, his popularity was evidently beginning to wane: of this he was conscious himself, and braved the frequent attacks on his character and genius with an affectation of indifference, under which those who had at all observed the singular associations of his recollections and ideas, must have discerned the symptoms of a strange disease. He was tainted with an Herodian malady of the mind; his thoughts were often hateful to himself; but there was an ecstasy in the conception, as if delight could be mingled with horror. I think, however, he struggled to master the fatality, and that his resolution to marry was dictated by an honourable desire to give hostages to society against the wild wilfulness of his imagination."

*His Grecian expedition.*—

"Had Lord Byron never been in Greece, he was undoubtedly one of those men whom the resurrection of her spirit was likeliest to interest; but he was not also one fitted to do her cause much service. His innate indolence, his sedentary habits, and that all-engrossing consideration for himself, which in every situation marred his best impulses, were shackles upon the practice of the stern bravery in himself which he has so well expressed in his works. It was expected when he sailed for Greece—nor was the expectation unreasonable with those who believe imagination and passion to be of the same element—that the enthusiasm which flamed so highly in his verse was the spirit of action, and would prompt him to undertake some great enterprise. But he was only an artist; he could describe bold adventures and represent high feeling, as other gifted individuals give eloquence to canvasses, and activity to marble; but he did not possess the wisdom necessary for the instruction of councils. I do, therefore, venture to say, that in embarking for Greece he was not entirely influenced by such exteior motives as the love of glory or the aspirations of heroism. His laurels had for some time ceased to flourish, the sear and yellow, the mildew and decay, had fallen upon them; and he was aware that the bright round of his fame was ovalling from

the full, and shewing the dim rough edge of waning."

On his religion:—

"Lord Byron had but loose feelings in religion—scarcely any. His sensibility and a slight constitutional leaning towards superstition and omens, shewed that the sense of devotion was, however, alive and awake within him; but with him religion was a sentiment, and the convictions of the understanding had nothing whatever to do with his creed. That he was deeply imbued with the essence of natural piety—that he often felt the power and being of a God thrilling in all his frame and glowing in his bosom—I declare my thorough persuasion; and that he believed in some of the tenets and in the philosophy of Christianity, as they influence the spirit and conduct of men, I am as little disposed to doubt; especially if those portions of his works which only trend towards the subject, and which bear the impression of fervour and earnestness, may be admitted as evidence. But he was not a member of any particular church, and, without a reconstruction of his mind and temperament, I venture to say he could not have become such; not in consequence, as too many have represented, of any predilection, either of feeling or principle, against Christianity; but entirely owing to an organic peculiarity of mind. He reasoned on every topic by instinct, rather than by induction or any progress of logic; and could never be so convinced of the truth or falsehood of an abstract proposition, as to feel it affect the current of his actions. He may have assented to arguments, without being sensible of their truth; merely because they were not objectionable to his feelings at the time. And, in the same manner, he may have disputed even fair inferences, from admitted premises, if the state of his feelings happened to be indisposed to the subject. I am persuaded, nevertheless, that to class him among absolute infidels were to do injustice to his memory, and that he has suffered uncharitably in the opinion of 'the rigidly righteous,' who, because he had not attached himself to any particular sect or congregation, assumed that he was an adversary to religion. To claim for him any credit as a pious man would be absurd; but to suppose he had not as deep an interest as other men 'in his soul's health' and welfare, was to impute to him a nature which cannot exist. Being altogether a creature of impulses, he certainly could not be ever employed in doxologies, or engaged in the logomachy of churchmen; but he had the sentiment which at a tamer age might have made him more ecclesiastical. There was as much truth as joke in the expression, when he wrote,

"I am myself a moderate Presbyterian."

A curious fact is stated in the preface. "I cannot conclude without offering my best acknowledgments to the learned and ingenious Mr. Nicolas, for the curious genealogical fact of a baton sinister being in the escutcheon of the Byrons of Newstead. Lord Byron, in his pride of birth, does not appear to have been aware of this stain."

The ensuing note, too, is worth quotation:

"Gibbon says that St. George was no other than the Bishop of Cappadocia, a personage of very unecclesiastical habits, and expresses some degree of surprise that such a person should ever have been sanctified in the calendar. But the whole story of this deliverer of the Princess of Egypt is an allegory of the sufferings of the church, which is typified as the daughter of Egypt, driven into the wilderness, and exposed to destruction by the dragon, the ancient em-

blem, over all the East, of imperial power. The Bishop of Cappadocia manfully withstood the attempts of the emperor, and ultimately succeeded in procuring an imperial recognition of the church in Egypt. We have adverted to this merely to shew the devices in which the legends of the church were sometimes embodied; and the illuminated missals,—even the mass-books, in the early stages of printing,—abundantly prove and illustrate the opinions expressed."

We should do scant justice to Mr. Galt were we not to quote a few passages more especially his own. Each of the ensuing little extracts has struck us as possessing either some original thought or some beauty of expression.

"A few traces of terraces may yet be discovered—here and there the chump of a column, and niches for receiving votive offerings, are numerous among the cliffs; but it is a lone and dismal place; Desolation sits with Silence, and Ruin there is so decayed as to be almost Oblivion."

"The genii that preside over famous places have less influence on the imagination than on the memory. The pleasures enjoyed on the spot spring from the reminiscences of reading; and the subsequent enjoyment derived from having visited celebrated scenes, comes again from the remembrance of objects seen there, and the associations connected with them."

"I passed through the ruins of a considerable Turkish town, containing four or five mosques, one of them a handsome building still entire: about twenty houses or so might be described as tenable, but only a place of sepulchres could be more awful: it had been depopulated by the plague—all was silent, and the streets were matted with thick grass. In passing through an open space, which reminded me of a market-place, I heard the cuckoo with an indescribable sensation of pleasure mingled with solemnity. The sudden presence of a raven at a bridal banquet could scarcely have been a greater phantasm."

"What a strange thing is glory! Three hundred years ago, all Christendom rang with the battle of Lepanto, and yet it is already probable that it will only be interesting to posterity as an incident in the life of one of the private soldiers engaged in it. This is certainly no very mournful reflection to one who is of opinion that there is no permanent fame, but that which is obtained by adding to the comforts and pleasures of mankind. Military transactions, after their immediate effects cease to be felt, are little productive of such a result. Not that I value military virtues the less by being of this opinion; on the contrary, I am the more convinced of their excellence. Burke has unguardedly said, that vice loses half its malignity by losing its grossness; but public virtue ceases to be useful when it sickens at the calamities of necessary war. The moment that nations become confident of security, they give way to corruption. The evils and dangers of war seem as requisite for the preservation of public morals as the laws themselves; at least it is the melancholy moral of history, that when nations resolve to be peaceful with respect to their neighbours, they begin to be vicious with respect to themselves."

We are rather curious to know how the fair sex come to rank so low in Mr. Galt's estimation; he rarely mentions them without some little sneer. We quote the two or three ensuing examples for their especial benefit.

*Wives.*—Ali Pasha asked, among other questions, "if I had a wife; and being answered in the negative, he replied to me himself in Ita-

lian, That I was a happy man; for he found his very troublesome."

*Evils of Matrimony.*—"My visits became few and far between, owing to nothing but that change in a man's pursuits and associates which are among some of the evils of matrimony."

"The house of a shoemaker, near his lordship's residence in St. Samuel, was burnt to the ground, with all it contained; by which the proprietor was reduced to indigence. Byron not only caused a new but a superior house to be erected, and also presented the sufferer with a sum of money equal in value to the whole of his stock in trade and furniture. I should endanger my reputation for impartiality if I did not, as a fair set-off to this, also mention that it is said he bought, for five hundred crowns, a baker's wife. There might be charity in this, too."

We shall conclude with a chance note or two of some circumstances observed in their travels:—

"After supper, the officer washed his hands with soap, inviting the travellers to do the same, for they had eaten a little with him; he did not, however, give the soap, but put it on the floor with an air so remarkable, as to induce Mr. Hobhouse to inquire the meaning of it; and he was informed that there is a superstition in Turkey against giving soap: it is thought it will wash away love."

"After dinner, as there happened to be a contract of marriage performing in the neighbourhood, we went to see the ceremony. Between the contract and espousal two years are generally permitted to elapse among the Greeks; in the course of which the bride, according to the circumstances of her relations, prepares domestic chattels for her future family. The affections are rarely consulted on either side, for the mother of the bridegroom commonly arranges the match for her son. In this case, the choice had been evidently made according to the principle on which Mrs. Primrose chose her wedding gown; viz. for the qualities that would wear well. For the bride was a stout household queen; her face painted with vermilion, and her person arrayed in uncouth embroidered garments. Unfortunately we were disappointed of seeing the ceremony, as it was over before we arrived. This incident led me to inquire particularly into the existing usages and customs of the Athenians; and I find in the notes of my journal of the evening of that day's adventures, a memorandum of a curious practice among the Athenian maidens when they become anxious to get husbands. On the first evening of the new moon, they put a little honey, a little salt, and a piece of bread, on a plate, which they leave at a particular spot on the east bank of the Ilissus, near the Stadium, and muttering some ancient words, to the effect that Fate may send them a handsome young man, return home, and long for the fulfilment of the charm. On mentioning this circumstance to the travellers, one of them informed me, that above the spot where these offerings are made, a statue of Venus, according to Pausanias, formerly stood. It is, therefore, highly probable that what is now a superstitious, was anciently a religious rite."

"The rites which succeed the baptism of a child are still more recondite. Four or five days after the christening, the midwife prepares, with her own mystical hands, certain savoury messes, spreads a table, and places them on it. She then departs, and all the family, leaving the door open, in silence retire to sleep. This table is covered for the

Miri of the child, an occult being, that is supposed to have the care of its destiny. In the course of the night, if the child is to be fortunate, the Miri comes and partakes of the feast, generally in the shape of a cat; but if the Miri does not come, nor taste of the food, the child is considered to have been doomed to misfortune and misery; and no doubt the treatment it afterwards receives is consonant to its evil predestination."

We now close this very delightful volume, cordially recommending it to all readers,—to those who desire information, equally to those who require amusement. It appears to us as impartial a judgment as it is possible for one man to form of another; and as a composition, must elevate the already high literary character of Mr. Galt.

*Bernard's Retrospections of the Stage.*  
(Second Notice.)

In continuing our extracts from these entertaining volumes, we copy the next paragraph, both on account of its noticing the progenitor of a distinguished actor of our own day, and of its exhibiting the most striking grammatical use of the parenthesis which we remember to have seen.

"Another member of our corps at Richmond was a Mr. Fawcett (father of the present comedian),\* an understrapper at Drury Lane, who went on for such characters as a conspirator in *Venice Preserved*; worthy old servants, who look intelligent but say nothing; or dignified dukes, whose nobility consists in wearing ermine robes and sitting at the top of a table. Fawcett, though a wretched actor, was a very pleasant fellow in company; he was another of that numerous class of persons on the stage, who are capital comedians in private life. Fawcett and Bowles were our green-room battledores, keeping the laugh up between them with equal adroitness; but of all the things Fawcett repeated (and his head was the repository of not a few), those told the best which told against himself."

The Bowles mentioned was a great piscator, and used to send a doctor, at Richmond, who kindly attended his sick wife, a dish of his catchings now and then, by way of acknowledgment. "At the end of the season, Bowles, not having a sufficiency of coppers to carry him out of the town, addressed a very lachrymose letter to the physician, entreating his patience till enabled, at some future day, to answer his demand. The humane man returned him a note to this effect: 'Dear Sir.—With my sincere sympathy in your present situation, and best wishes for your future good fortune, I beg to enclose you the sum of one guinea, being the balance due to you as per bill annexed.' The bill was as follows:—

Mr. Bowles to Doctor —————	£ s. d.
By perch at sundry times —————	6 1 0
	7 2 0
Balance due to Mr. Bowles —————	1 1 0

We should have stated in right order, that Mr. Bernard prepared the MS. whence these volumes are printed under the able editorship of his son,† on his return from America in 1820, and that they present the remembrances of forty-six years. This will prepare our readers for some distant dates; and we transcribe a few, rendered interesting by the future celebrity of the parties named.

\* It means that Mr. Fawcett, the father, was an understrapper, &c., not Mr. Fawcett, the son, who took his leave last season: instead of a parenthesis, therefore, it might be called a parenthesis.—*Printer's Diabol.*  
† We can hit off as good a parenthesis as any author.—*Critic L. G.*

1772. "During my stay in the metropolis, I went frequently to the theatres. At Drury Lane I remember seeing 'Jane Shore,' on the evening that a Mrs. Canning, the widow of an eminent counsellor, made her *début* in the heroine. She was patronised by numerous persons of distinction, and the house was very favourable towards her. But, independently of the personal interest which attended her attempt, Mrs. Canning put forth claims upon the approbation of the critical. One thing, however, must be admitted; she was wonderfully well supported: Garrick was the Hastings, and Reddish (her future husband) the Dumont. I little thought, as I sat in the pit that night, an ardent boy of sixteen, that I then beheld the lady who was destined, at some fifteen years' distance, to become the leading feature in a company of my own; nor that, in the *Gloster* of the night (admirably acted by Jefferson), I beheld my partner in that management—Plymouth. I should puzzle myself to little purpose if I were to attempt, in this place, to say any thing that was new or amusing upon Mr. Garrick's merits; for since their character became the property of history, every writer seems to have made his memory a kind of 'intellectual tumuli,' and thrown his own 'stone' on it to enlarge its dimensions; but I should wish to be permitted a word in regard to Reddish (upon whose first wife, being a very masculine woman, Foote made the ungallant pun of 'horse-radish'), for the reason that he was one among many of Garrick's contemporaries, who foundering in the stream of time, instead of going down with it, deserves to be 'lightered' up to the surface."

1774. "Amongst other communications at the post-office, he (a country manager, going to play in Essex) received one from Holcroft, the author, who applied for an engagement, embracing every good part in the cast-book, from Alexander the Great down to Scrub. Strange as it may appear, this letter was so deficient in orthography and etymology, that the manager sent back the brief reply, that 'he would treat with no person to become a member of his company who could neither read nor write!' As Mr. Holcroft has left behind him works which attest his powers not only as a man of genius, but a critic, it is by no means an absurd conjecture to attribute to the very letter in question some portion of the stimulus which was necessary to have drawn those powers forth. Scorn or ridicule has, in more than one instance, driven a man of proud spirit into the discovery of a hidden talent, when seeking either for the means of retaliation, or to obtain an armour against its shafts."

"At Needham, our next remove, I became acquainted with Miss Macklin, the actress, who had retreated to this little haven from the troubled element of public life, to live upon the income she had accrued by her professional labours. She was an admirable reader (with a true Shakspearian attachment), and her voice and figure led me to perceive some of the grounds upon which she had founded her popularity. She was not at this time upon good terms with her father, which was owing to a domestic occurrence; but their original disagreement, as she informed me, grew out of a reading in *Portia*—she always said that 'mercy was mightiest in the mightiest,' but, he maintaining it 'was mightiest in the mightiest,' shewed her no mercy, but instantly renounced her."

"At York.—'Whilst here, Stephen Kemble came to rehearsal one morning without his coat. Mr. Hughes, who was rather particular,

inquired the cause. 'Sir,' said he, 'the landlord of the house where I was reading the London paper, charged me double for my ale. I told him he had cheated me, and would not pay him. He seized me, and pulled off my coat; so, rather than submit to his extortion, I came away without it.' 'But, Mr. Kemble,' said the manager, 'walk through the streets without your coat!' 'But, Mr. Hughes,' said Stephen, 'pay sixpence for my ale!' 'But your coat, Mr. Kemble!' 'Curse my coat, sir; think of my feelings!' Hughes sent and released his coat; but Stephen was quizzed a good deal for this independency; his last words, indeed, became a saying in the West of England, where, whenever a man determined to set appearances at naught, he would invariably exclaim, 'Oh, curse my coat, think of my feelings!' The reader will smile at this; but I hope he may also be induced to give some credit to Stephen's character, since the above affords one of the strongest indications of that manly and independent spirit which pervaded him from childhood."

Mr. Bernard rose to favour on the Bath boards, then the grand criterion of theatrical talent; and he tells a curious story of the "School for Scandal."

1777-8. "The first and greatest novelty of the season was the production of the 'School for Scandal,' to superintend the rehearsals of which, the author came down in person. This was no slight compliment to the judgment of the Bath audience, who were to confirm or cavil at the verdict passed upon the merits of his composition in London. We were certainly not a body of clumsy or ignorant people in the Bath theatre; but such was Sheridan's particularity, that he took a fortnight to get up the play, and drilled all the servants and underlings himself: nothing, however, could be more pleasant or polite than his manner of doing so. In his sensitiveness as an author, he never lost sight of his propriety as a gentleman. The person that gave him the most trouble was Edwin, who was continually forgetting his business, making wrong exits, entrances, and crossings. Sheridan, with the utmost good humour, put him right every morning. On the play-day, it was expected every gentleman would be as *au fait* to the mechanism of his character as the words;—every one was but John, who had been out to supper the previous evening, and spunged away, with the punch he had drunk, nearly all the remarks upon the 'book and volume of his brain' Sheridan had made. The latter could not now restrain his feelings, but, at the first lapsus shouted out, 'Good God! Mr. Edwin, there you go again!—you've lost your situation, sir!' Mr. Palmer was on the stage, and Edwin, cocking his eye on him, replied, 'I hope I'm not discharged!' The success of this comedy's production amply compensated for the trouble thus bestowed."

The following is also a remarkable account of the way in which at least one spurious copy of this play was produced; and gives a singular, and to us a new, reason for the author's conduct with regard to the sale of its copyright, and consequent publication.

1778-9. Exeter: "'The School for Scandal' was then the general theme of conversation: it was the one topic in dramatic circles, and its appearance formed a sort of epoch in dramatic history. Its success at Bath had dispersed its fame about the West of England; and it was highly probable, that if the play were produced at Exeter, it would run a number of nights to full houses. But the comedy



was not yet published, and the managers who had copies of it had obtained them on condition that they did not permit the same to become the parents of others. This was a precaution of Sheridan's, not with any view of emolument, but in order to preserve his language from mutilation, and prevent the play being produced at any theatre where the proper attention could not be paid to its 'getting up.' Under these circumstances, I offered to attempt a compilation of the comedy, if Mr. Hughes would give me his word that the manuscript should be destroyed at the end of the season. This was agreed to, and I set about my task in the following manner. I had played Sir Benjamin at Bath, and Charles at Richmond, and went on for Sir Peter one or two evenings when Edwin was indisposed—thus I had three parts in my possession. Dimond and Blisset (Joseph and Sir Oliver) transmitted their's by post, on conveying the assurance to them which Mr. Hughes had to me. Old Rowley was in the company; and my wife had played both Lady Teazle and Mrs. Candour. With these materials for a groundwork, my general knowledge of the play, collected in rehearsing and performing in it above forty times, enabled me in a week to construct a comedy in five acts, called, in imitation of the original, the 'School for Scandal.' This comedy Mr. Hughes introduced to the public (without any explanation of the above), and it drew us crowded houses twice a-week, to the end of the season.

"I now (continues Mr. Bernard) became acquainted with the celebrated Doctor Jackson, and commenced an early and lasting intimacy with that 'son of song,' Charles Incedon; an intimacy continued in England twenty, and renewed in America forty years afterwards. Incedon was at this time a thin, lanky youth, giving some promise of his future powers, but more noted for a disposition like that of a Newfoundland dog—compounded of courage, gratefulness, and love of the water. All the stories in circulation respecting him were illustrative of one or the other of these qualities. The most well-known features of his early life, I believe, are his rumpus at school, and departure to sea; over which I willingly pass, to record a circumstance more in honour of his character, and neither well known nor insignificant. Some aquatic sportsman of Exeter had offered a considerable sum to any man who would swim down the river a certain distance, to a boat moored, with a rope round his middle, and bring back to his starting-point another. Several had attempted this feat, and failed. Young Incedon accomplished it; but this was not his ground of glory—he took the entire amount of his reward to a poor widow in the city, who had occasionally been kind to him, and was now fallen into distress. When Doctor Jackson heard of the circumstance, he was naturally alarmed lest his pupil should have contracted a cold which might injure his voice; but when Incedon explained the manner in which he had appropriated the money, the benevolent man was immediately subdued, and dismissed him with these words:—'Well, Charles, I'm not angry at what you've done; for if your lungs should be affected, your heart's in good order.' The companion of Incedon, as all the world knows, was Davy the composer. Doctor Jackson, who communicated the above, gave me also the history of the latter person's origin and musical precocity, which as I do not think is generally known, I may as well introduce here, to conclude my chapter. Davy, it appears, was an orphan

child, left to the care of a poor relative, a weaver, at Crediton. This man was a humble musician, teaching the science of psalmody to the village, and playing the *bas-viol* at church. He had an old spinet in his house, (the gift of a wealthier relative,) upon which he used to practise his tunes. Young Davy was always by his side on such occasions, and whenever he went away would mount his stool, and strike the instrument, in the endeavour to distinguish the notes. This amusement, however, not benefiting the spinet, it was locked up; and the young musician, thus thrown upon his own resources, invented an instrument. He was at this time about six or seven. Next door to the weaver's was a blacksmith's shop, into which young Davy was continually running to watch the operations of the modern Cyclopes. He was thus enabled, unperceived and unsuspected, to convey away at different periods a number of horse-shoes, which he secreted in the unoccupied garret of the weaver's dwelling. Then procuring a piece of wire (from the same magazine), he attached it to two cross-beams, and on this suspended the shoes, assigning each its place in succession, and graduating a correct scale by the strength of his ear. He then obtained two sticks to strike them with, in imitation of the handbells which he had no doubt seen, as they were very prevalent in that part of England. So engrossed did he become in this new employment, that he not only gave up all his customary sports, but neglected his lessons and the family errands. He had sagacity enough, however, to keep the cause a secret, and fortune assisted him, till one day the weaver's wife going up-stairs to search among the lumber that the upper room contained, heard musical sounds, and stopping to listen, distinguished the outline of a psalm tune. However extraordinary the diversion, she could only attribute it to the presence of the devil, and her fright had nearly the effect of precipitating her to the bottom of the stairs. Her husband was at home, and to him she descended and made known this mysterious circumstance. He had less superstition than herself, and ascended the stairs more boldly. The same sounds were audible, and peeping up, he perceived the young musician perched on a rickety, broken-backed chair, with his legs tucked under him, and his tiny hands thumping the horse-shoes, in the endeavour to form the same tunes he had heard his relative play. The weaver was too pleased and astonished at this discovery either to chide or disturb him, but retired with his wife, and after some cogitation, determined to go over to Exeter and tell Doctor Jackson his boy's story, presuming that if he had abilities for music, that would be a better business for him than weaving, and knowing the doctor's character to be as eminent for generosity as musical science. The following day was accordingly devoted to the walk. The doctor heard his narrative with mingled pleasure and surprise, and agreed to ride over to Crediton and witness the phenomenon. He did so, and was introduced by the weaver to his house and staircase, where the same sight presented itself as on a former occasion. The youngster was seated on his chair, thumping his horse-shoes, and distinguishing their sounds. The doctor could not control his transports, but sprang up into the garret, seized little Davy in his arms, and exclaimed—'This boy is mine!' My reader can imagine the scene that ensued: this was good fortune, far above the poor people's expectations. Young Davy was then taken home to Exeter, and regularly apprenticed to

his patron: his subsequent career is well known."

The latter portion of the first volume is dedicated to a dramatic trip to Ireland, and is full of characteristic traits; but we have far exceeded our just boundaries, and can only promise our readers at least another entertainment from the miscellaneous contents of these truly amusing volumes. In the meantime we may introduce one or two of the Hibernian characteristics.

At Mallow: "On returning to the inn, we were struck for the first time with the sign, which was a red, round-faced Hibernian, grasping a punchbowl, and saying these words—'Pay to-day, and trust to ———.' As this seemed to involve rather an important contradiction to us who were travellers, we required an explanation of the landlord, (a bald-headed, bandy-legged little fellow, with a mouth which, when unclosed, explained the clown's idea of an *open countenance*), and were informed, that when his old sign of the 'Man and Punchbowl' was worn out, Mr. Mic M'Cormick, a friend of his, had agreed to paint him a new one; but he being desirous that the latter should contain some motto or general rule of his establishment, as a guide to the traveller who gazed on it, he agreed with Mr. Mic M'Cormick that the words 'Pay to-day and trust to-morrow' should be inserted; the artist to be paid at the rate of twopence a word. When the sign was completed, Mr. M'Cormick had brought it home, but with the deficiency of the word 'morrow,' as above, which was owing to a want of room. The worthy host was not then, it appeared, so much concerned at this alteration, or rather destruction of his meaning, as about the settlement of the question, whether 'to-morrow' was to be considered one or two words—upon that fact depending the number of twopences he was to pay. After some argument between themselves, an umpire was called in, who deciding that 'to-morrow' was but one word, the painter was deducted twopence, and the sign was put up."

*Irish Travelling.*—"The first day of our journey passed over without much event; but we derived sufficient amusement from the peculiarities of the carman, a mop-headed, lark-limbed beauty, whose clothes were so ragged, that as he strode along, with his coat, shirt, and breeches fluttering behind him, he put us in mind of a persevering ship making its way against a head-wind. This gentleman never whipped his horses when they were low-spirited and lazy, but reasoned with them, as though they had been a pair of the Houynhms, mentioned by Gulliver, or intelligent Christian beings. 'Arrah, Barney,' he'd say to the leader, 'arn't you a pretty spalpeen to suffer your own brother Teddy to lug the car up the hill by himself? Haven't I set you before him as an example? Have you any heart to forgit a friend bekase you don't see him? Oh! had luck to your failings! Arrah, Teddy (to the other), don't you see, my darling, what Barney is at? he wants to rin away from you, and get to the little shebeen-house half a mile off, and ate up all your corn before you come. Hurry, hurry, my darling, or divil the mouthful will he have you!' Strange as it may seem, these addresses produced the desired effect; and Barney and Teddy, as shaggy as a pair of lions, would pluck up courage, and pull along like a couple of camels. Observing that one of them was lame, we noticed this to their owner, as an infringement of our contract. 'Lame, your honour!' he replied; 'no sich thing—the boy's quite perfect; only, you see, it's a way

he has of resting one leg till the other three are tired."

"Isaac, or Iky Sparks as he was commonly termed, lodged on one occasion in a house with a Scotch doctor, who amused his leisure hours by learning to play the fiddle. These gentlemen, it must be remarked, were not upon the most amicable terms; the Scotchman turning up his nose at Sparks as a 'vogaabond pleactor;' and the latter retorting by calling him a 'legal vampire,' since he lived by the death of other people. The doctor made it an invariable rule to rise at daylight to practise, about which time the convivial Mr. Sparks was getting into his first nap. As their rooms were adjoining, it was a necessary result that Sparks lost his sleep; and it soon became another, that he should lie awake to meditate revenge. He did not like to leave the house (perhaps he could not); but he resolved, if possible, to expel this fiddling Macbeth 'who murdered sleep,' and was instrumental to his annoyance. One morning, he heard Mr. McIntosh the doctor desire Judy the servant, who waited on both of them, to go out and buy him a pennyworth of rosin for his 'feedle;' and as she passed his door, he called her in, and inquired her errand. 'Sure I'm going to get some ros'n, Mr. Sparks, for Mr. McIntosh's fiddle. 'Ros'n, ros'n, you crachur!' said Sparks; 'and isn't ros'n you are going to ax for, Judy, arrant nonsense?' 'Arrah, Mr. Sparks!' 'Ros'n's Latin, my jewel: the shopkeeper won't understand you!' 'Latin! och sure, Mr. Sparks, I know naughting of Latin; will your honour tell me what am I to ax for?' 'Say you want a piece of stick-brimstone, darling; that's English to spake, and good Irish in the bargain.' The girl complied with his direction, procured the brimstone, and returning to Mr. McIntosh, presented it to him, 'You dom b—h!' exclaimed the Scotchman, 'what ha' ye broot me?—what do ye ca' this?' 'Brimstone, sir!' 'Broomstun! did I na send ye for roosin?' 'Plase your honor, and so you did; but Mr. Sparks told me that brimstone was the real thing to ax for.' Foaming with rage, away flew the doctor into Isaac's room (who was listening to the result), and demanded of him how he dared to interfere with another person's affairs, and alter his commands to the servant? 'Why, Mr. McIntosh,' said Isaac, very coolly, 'what did you send for?' 'Roosin, sir—roosin for my feedle, and be domn'd to ye.' 'Well,' replied Sparks, 'I always thought brimstone was rosin for a Scotch fiddle!'

"At the Castle Inn in Sligo we put up; and the landlord, having been formerly an actor, paid us great attention. His house contained the Sligo assembly-room, the wainscot of which I observed to be perforated in numerous places with bullet-holes, under which were written different names. I naturally requested an explanation; and my host informed me, that this room being the 'largest and natest in the town,' whenever its gentlemen fell out, here they took occasion to fall in, and settle their differences in a gentlemanly way. I need not point out the advantages of such a place for such a purpose over the open field, both as respected its retirement and security, and the means it afforded the parties of recording their claims to honour. I would merely assure my reader hereby, that the old joke of 'pistols and coffee for two' originated in a very serious truth."

#### MRS. ELWOOD'S JOURNEY, &c.

HAVING, in a former *Gazette*, gone at rather considerable length into the principal points which our fair countrywoman's journey to the East presented for critical notice, we do not find much in her residence in India and return home by the usual sea course, to demand our particular attention. As before, the narrative is easy, feminine in character, and pleasing. There are no novelties of much value to interest us; and at the end of our task we can lay down the volumes without a sigh, having been amused by their agreeable contents, though not much better informed than previous writers had left us. We shall therefore insert only two or three brief miscellaneous quotations farther from the second volume, to complete our review.

Mazagong House, near Bombay, was the residence of "Mrs. Draper, the Eliza and the fair correspondent of the whimsical and sentimental Sterne. She was born at Anjengo, and was the wife of Mr. Daniel Draper, who was a counsellor at Bombay, and in 1775 chief of the factory at Surat. She was in England for the recovery of her health, when she became acquainted with Sterne, probably not the best friend and adviser that a young and romantic woman could have chosen. His letters were addressed to her shortly before she sailed for India, April 3d, 1767, where, fortunate it would have been for her, had she attended to the admonition of her *soi-disant* Brahmin,—"Be cautious only, my dear, of intimacies." After her return to Bombay she had the weakness, of which Sterne seems almost to have had a presentiment, to listen to the persuasions of a base seducer, and to leave an affectionate husband, sacrificing her fair fame and station in society, to elope with a man who but poorly repaid her, as she soon afterwards died, somewhere on the coast, a victim to his profligate arts."

In travelling Mrs. E. "came to Veerole Puttan, famed for pirates, and to Mhadapore, in the Poorbunder territories, where the ancient Dwaraca is said to have originally stood, till swallowed up by a *cataclysm*, or bursting forth of the ocean. It is here that a singular web-footed bird, something resembling a sea-gull in appearance, but totally dissimilar to any of the indigenous tribes, annually rises from the foam of the ocean, at the beginning of the monsoon. Its appearance is anxiously expected, it is hailed with great joy, and its arrival announced with due ceremony to the Brahmins, who go down to meet it on the sea-shore, and bring it in triumph to their deity, before whom it pecks grain, dances, plays, and dies, precisely as it did in the time of Alexander, whose historians mention the circumstance. From its colour, and other circumstances, the Brahmins are enabled to predict the nature of the coming monsoon; and the first kind of grain of the numerous sorts offered, which it voluntarily eats, it is supposed will be peculiarly plentiful during the ensuing year."

From a bird that rises like the May-fly, we go to another (in Dutch), which resembles the harpies of the ancient classics.

"The whirring, leather-winged bat used to pay us nightly visits; and the vultures, so common in tropical climates, seemed to know by instinct at what time we dined, and were ever punctual to the hour. They are bold and impudent birds, and they not unfrequently attack servants in their way from the cooking room, which is always in India quite distinct from the bungalow, and carry off the provisions

in triumph ere they reach their place of destination."

With these short morsels we conclude; only adding, that Mrs. E. visited and describes some parts of India not very generally known, and that an Appendix affords useful hints to all who may contemplate a journey overland.

#### The Library of Entertaining Knowledge. Vol. 7.

Part I., *The Menageries—Quadrupeds*; Vol. 2. Part XIII. London, 1830. Knight.

THIS new Part has just reached us; and for a week we can hardly say better of it than that it is as pleasantly illustrative of the popular subject, the natural history of animals, as the preceding volume.

#### The Patriot Father: an Historical Play.

Adapted from the German of Kotzebue, by Frederic Shoberl. 12mo. pp. 60. London, 1830. R. S. Kirby.

WE agree with Mr. Shoberl, that Kotzebue has not been well treated: it is somewhat hard to be robbed and then abused. The subject of this little drama is the siege of Naumburg, which the Hussites were on the point of destroying, when their anger was turned aside, and their compassion excited, by a procession of the children, who went in a body to supplicate, and obtained, the mercy of the conquerors. It is a cheap, neat little volume; and the following short passage is a fair specimen of the general style.

"Yes, I do love the sounds of artless joy,  
Pour'd for the ample treasures Nature yields,  
When all the wide campaign a golden sea  
Of undulating cars, full-grain'd and low  
Depending toward the teeming earth, displays;  
And to the grateful songs of busy reapers  
The glist'ning sickles are in concert plied.  
I love, too, this deep silence and repose,  
This solemn stillness, which pervades the town,  
When nought is heard but the shrill cricket's chirp,  
Or the dull distant step; when nought is seen  
Save here and there the furrow'd face of Age  
With spectacles on nose, from door or window  
Advanced with aspect wise to note the weather;  
No playful children gambol in the street,  
They too are gone to glean the straggling ears.  
But, when the welcome tones of vesper-bell  
Summon at eve the sunburnt reaper home  
From fields his toil hath bared—ah! then 'tis sweet  
To hear the jocund train with hearts elate  
Strike up the harvest-song: the brimming bowl  
They raise alternate to their thirsty lips,  
And sportive mirth and glee reign uncontroll'd."

The preface says: "It is a singular fact, that the appearance of this play produced a warm discussion among the literati of Germany, on the question whether Naumburg had ever been really threatened by the Hussites, and delivered by the expedient here described, according to the received tradition, apparently confirmed by the customs practised at the festival called *Kirschfest* (Cherry-feast) still held there annually; or whether the whole story was to be considered as a fiction."

#### Traditions of Palestine. Edited by Harriet Martineau. Pp. 148. Longman and Co.

THIS is a very beautiful volume, founded on Scripture, and supposed to be a sketch of scenes at Jerusalem, during the early progress of our religion. We recommend it to our young readers.

#### Bombastes Furioso; or a Burlesque Tragic Opera.

By W. Barnes Rhodes; with Eight Designs by G. Cruikshank. Pp. 34. T. Rodd; T. Griffiths.

G. CRUIKSHANK'S eight designs have embodied the real spirit of this burlesque, which has caused so much hearty laughter on the stage, in the hands of Mathews, Mr. and Mrs. Liston, Taylor, and other popular performers. It

is a merry *jeu d'esprit*, written by a man of talent; and, got up in this appropriate style, is likely to be very generally sought, both for its literary whim and its humorous illustrations. We like it so much, that we are glad to see *Tom Thumb*, the *Mayor of Garratt*, and some other dramas, announced for publication in the same manner. If as well done, as we doubt not they will be, they will form a nice volume or set altogether.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### KENSINGTON OBSERVATORY.

In one of our recent Nos. we noticed the distinction conferred by his Majesty on Sir James South, and the appropriation of 300*l.* per ann. to that gentleman for the encouragement of astronomical science in this country. Sir James South is too enthusiastic a lover of astronomy to suffer such a grant to be received as a mere mark of royal favour. He immediately abandoned every project that had been engendered by the patronising offers of foreign states, and the apparent indifference of our own government; and not only resolved that his unequalled glasses and apparatus should remain in England, but that he would erect a new Observatory, fit for their reception and application to the observance of the most interesting celestial phenomena, either for verifying dubious problems, or for discovering new objects. Agreeably to this intention, a distinguished party of his friends, and the friends of science, were invited to Kensington on Saturday to witness the laying of the foundation-stone of the new Observatory. It is a circular building, (as we see by the foundation traced out), and situated on the west of that building in which Sir James has already done so much to promote our knowledge of the heavenly bodies. After waiting some time for the Duke of Wellington, who was expected, (but was, we believe, at Walmer), the ceremony of placing the stone was performed by Lord Ashley; and three cheers were given to the prosperity of this liberal and patriotic undertaking; which certainly reflects great honour on the individual to whose zeal and public spirit it is due. The company then retired to a handsome collation, and spent several hours in an agreeable manner;—toasting, at the close, the health of the King, as the patron of science and literature; and of the ministers, who had shewn themselves to be actuated by similar feelings upon this occasion. The health of Lord Ashley was also drank, not only as an earnest promoter of the measures which had led to this meeting, but as an enlightened friend to scientific pursuits in general. His lordship returned thanks, and gave the health of Sir James South, who briefly and appropriately acknowledged the compliment. Other toasts were cheerfully proposed and accepted; but as the refection, though late for a *fourchette* breakfast, was too early for a dinner, and there were ladies around the table, it may be imagined that they partook less of reality than is usual with convivial associates when set down for the evening. They were very gratifying, notwithstanding, to the company; and the thanks expressed by Mr. Struve, the celebrated Russian astronomer from Dorpat, and of Mr. Troughton, the venerable dean of the science in England, (both of whom were present), contributed much to enhance the good humour and interest of the scene. Besides the noble and eminent persons already mentioned, we observed Lady Guildford, Lady Gleggall, Lord Dudley and Lady Dudley Stuart (the daughter of Lucien Bu-

naparte). General Sir Rufane Donkin, Admiral Sir Thomas Hardy, Sir John Franklin, Mr. Pond, the astronomer royal, Capt. Beaufort, Capt. Shireff, Mr. Babbage, Mr. Baily, Mr. Gordon,\* and others well known to the world for their skill and enterprise in various scientific pursuits.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

SENKOVSKY V. VON HAMMER.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,—In the *Literary Gazette* of the 21st ult. I observe that some correspondent has furnished you with an extract from the *Revue Encyclopédique*, in which a M. Senkovsky makes merry at the expense of my friend, Von Hammer. It is not the first time that certain savans of Paris have eagerly evinced the little respect which they entertain for their own literary credit, and the utter destitution of really liberal principles under which they labour, by venting their jealousy against the scholars of other countries. It is quite enough for them that M. von Hammer should possess equal claims to esteem as an Orientalist with a De Sacy and a Rémusat; he must be dragged down, à tout prix, from his lofty eminence; and the single-hearted devotion of forty years of toilsome investigations to the maturing of his acquaintance and our own with the treasures of eastern philology and science must be represented as a long dream of floundering idiosyncrasy. To those who have the means of appreciating M. von Hammer's inestimable labours, any appeal against the misrepresentations of party spirit must appear a work of supererogation. But the general reader has no such safeguard against the ensnaring of his opinions; and I am bound, therefore, in justice to him, as well as to my esteemed and enlightened friend, to mention, that M. von Hammer has answered his assailant, first by candidly avowing his inadvertencies where they occur in the work assailed, and then by convicting M. Senkovsky of ascribing blunders to him which are wholly the creatures of his own imagination, and of dealing with Oriental texts in a manner for which there is no apology but ignorance and presumption, and which can sway with those only who are utterly unacquainted with them.

Such is the adversary who has ventured to "fasten his idle blows" upon a scholar whose attainments are derived, not from the mere meditations of the closet, but from the consecration of a whole life to studies, prosecuted under eastern skies, or to official avocations exclusively connected with eastern courts and nations. I have the honour to be, sir, &c.,

Sept. 2, 1830.

A CONSTANT READER.

## FINE ARTS.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Personages of the Nineteenth Century.* With Memoirs, by William Jerdan, Esq. No. XVII. Fisher, Son, and Co.

TASTE and the social virtues, piety and learning, patriotism and bravery, have all their

\* The gentleman alluded to in our pages several months ago for the extraordinary invention of a light for light-houses, so intense as almost to exceed credibility. It has since been adopted by the Trinity House; and if it can penetrate fog so as to be seen where the existing lights fail, it will be of very great value in the saving of lives and shipping. The effect is produced by dropping a small bit of chalk lime at the jet, or conjunction of two flames obtained from different gases, and impelled towards each other. The brilliancy is so prodigious, that it casts shadows at the distance of ten miles and more!

appropriate and honourable representatives in the present Number, which contains portraits and memoirs of Sir Abraham Hume, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the late Sir Thomas Picton. With reference to the first it is observed: "While we highly approve that praiseworthy ambition which prompts men to seek power for the purpose of exerting it for the welfare of the state and the benefit of the community—while we admire the valour and heroism which secure the independence and lead to the glory of our country,—let us not overlook those milder virtues, which, by the diffusion of kindness and benevolence, smooth many of the rugged paths of life, and at the same time fulfil those holy injunctions which were given to us as the guide of our conduct towards each other." Of the second it is said: "Mild and temperate in his Christian career, he has also mingled inflexible integrity and steadiness of purpose with his candid allowances towards those who differed from him: neither zeal nor bigot, he has been both ardent and unalterable in his support of religion, and in his attachment to that church in whose tenets he was brought up: and among all the venerable names upon the bench, there is not one which has acquired greater lustre in these days of change and trouble than that of Dr. Howley, whose calm and dignified adherence to what his conscience dictated, exacted the applause even of those whose views were most opposite and hostile." "The life and death of this gallant soldier," it is remarked, in speaking of the lamented Picton, "possess an uncommon degree of interest; for the one was filled with strange adventure, and the other was most glorious to himself and to his country. If he sought for a brilliant ending to his career, he assuredly found it where all the noble deeds of a long and splendid war were consummated, and he fell in the achievement of a triumph that fitly crowned the series of immortal victories to which his talent and bravery had so prominently contributed." The portraits are all finely engraved; that of Sir Abraham Hume from a picture by Edridge, that of the Archbishop from a picture by Owen, and that of Sir Thomas Picton from a picture by Beechey. The last is rendered peculiarly interesting by the circumstance of its having been executed only a fortnight before his death. To the present Number is prefixed a dedication to His Most Gracious Majesty William IV., expressive of grateful acknowledgment for "the frank and condescending manner with which the royal patronage has been conferred upon the publication."

*Views in the East; comprising India, Canton, and the Shores of the Red Sea.* Drawn by S. Prout, C. Stanfield, T. Boys, G. Cattermole, J. S. Cotman, D. Cox, F. Finch, W. Purser, &c. from original sketches by Captain Robert Elliot, R.N. With Historical and Descriptive Illustrations. Part I. Fisher, Son, and Co.

ALTHOUGH, with a due recollection of the beautiful representations of Asiatic scenery which have proceeded from the pencil of Mr. Daniell, it cannot be said that this is an entirely new mine of the picturesque, yet it is evidently one which is so far from being exhausted, that taste and talent may long be advantageously employed upon it for the gratification of the European public. The specimens which this, the first Part of Captain Elliot's projected publication contains, are all of them admirable. They consist of the "Tomb of Humaion," who was "the son of Baber,



the founder of what is called the Mogul dynasty, the last remnant of which is still lingering in the ancient and famous capital of the Mahomedan empire of Hindoostan;" the "Taj Mahal," which "is justly celebrated as the finest piece of oriental architecture that remains to exhibit the power and magnificence of the Mahomedan rulers, and to display the skill and industry of the people of Hindoostan;" and "Tiger Island," a bold rock, at the mouth of the Bocca Tigris, the passage of which was so undauntedly forced in the year 1816, by Captain Maxwell, in the Alceste. The draughtsmen, Messrs. Parser, Prout, and Stanfield, and the engravers, Messrs. Miller, Wallis, and Goodall, have done Captain Elliot's sketches great justice. "Tiger Island," especially, is a singularly spirited little plate. We look forward with much expectation of pleasure to the succeeding portions of this clever work.

*A Series of Views, illustrative of Pugin's Examples of Gothic Architecture.* Sketched from nature, and drawn on stone by Joseph Nash, Pupil to Augustus Pugin; with Letter-press Descriptions, by W. H. Leeds. Part II.

ON the appearance of the first Part of this pleasing publication (the interest of which is far from being confined to the architect or the antiquary), we spoke of it with the praise which it appeared to us to deserve. The second Part is well worthy of its predecessor; and it is still richer in the introduction of figures belonging to the "days of auld lang syne." For instance, the Banqueting Hall of Eltham Palace is peopled with the gay court of Harry the Eighth; and dames and cavaliers, with the air and in the costume of the fifteenth century, are promenading before the principal front of Thorpland Hall. Some of these figures remind us of Retsch; others of Bonington. The effect is admirable. To get rid of the "formal cut" of modern habiliments would of itself be an excellent thing; even if the change were not so happily appropriate and picturesque as it is.

*Illustrations of Natural History: embracing a Series of Engravings, and descriptive Accounts of the most interesting and popular Genera and Species of the Animal World.* Conducted by J. Le Keux: the Engravings by Le Keux and R. Sands. Parts IV., V., VI., VII., and VIII. Longman and Co.

THESE Parts complete the first volume of a publication, which in point of cheapness and neatness of execution ranks with any of the numerous works of the present day, the laudable object of which is to diffuse useful knowledge. The volume contains all the different quadrupeds which are comprehended in the two great classes of hoofed, and simply digitated. The plates, which are forty-two in number, each embracing several subjects, although not in a laboured style of art, are very sweetly engraved, and are full of character; the descriptions are ample, perspicuous, and entertaining. To young persons, especially, we cannot conceive a more delightful and acceptable present.

#### THE OCTORAMA.

THE family of the Ramas is already large, but it will soon increase to an extent which no verbal Malthus will be able either to limit or to predict, if its members are to be distinguished, like the streets of Washington, by numeral prefixes. The ingenious authors of

that entertaining production, the *Rejected Addresses*, gravely tell their readers that

"The Albion, as its name imports, is white."

In imitation of their example, we beg to inform ours, that the exhibition of the Octorama, "as its name imports," consists of eight pictures. They comprehend representations of all the prominent occurrences of the French expedition to Algiers, from the equipment of the fleet in the harbour of Toulon, to the triumphal entry of the army into the African capital; and have been executed from drawings made by artists who were appointed by the French government to accompany the expedition. As subjects of curiosity, they are well worth seeing; but we cannot speak highly of them as works of art.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### TO THE EARTH.

Πότνια Χώρα,  
Μαλασστιγγων μήτερ εὐχων.

Εὐρ.

MY mother! from whose fostering breast

This weak and fleeting substance came,

And where these limbs are doomed to rest

When thou reclaim'st the dying frame;

Within thy regions lone and deep

What wild and sullen horror dwells,

And how doth shapeless Mystery keep

His watch beside those viewless cells!

There slumber they, the sons of might—

Titanic forms—thine earliest mould,

Who dared the vollied thunder's flight,

And cleft the towering hills of old;

And chiefs who marked the battle bleed

When Time his infant course began;

And they, the Assyrian Hunter's seed,

The shielded kings, whose prey was man.

There in its tideless fury shed

For ever on those steadfast shores,

Bituminous and darkly spread,

The aye enduring ocean roars;

And mutters, bound and fettered fast,

The earthquake in its sullen ire;

And lurks the power whose sulph'rous blast

Enrobes the rending mount with fire.

Thou hast thy treasures—jewelled caves,

With sanguine rubies richly dight,

And emeralds green as ocean's waves,

And diamond rocks like veins of light,

And sapphires whose unshaded blue

Seems drunk from summer's cloudless skies,

And opals, as the iris hue,

Where morn's deep-tinctured glances rise.

Thou hast thy beauties—realms unknown,

Where murmuring music soft and low,

O'er onyx, and the sardine stone,

The cold petrific waters flow;

And sparry chambers dimly lit,

And shining groves and fretted bowers,

Where dreamy Silence loves to sit,

And Fancy proves her myriad powers.

Thou hast thine habitants—the horde

Of swarthy gnomes in vesture bright,

And elves who forge the mystic sword

And ebon panoply of night;

And black-winged dreams whose legions sweep

Embattled through the realm of rest;

And Phantasy, dim child of Sleep,

The Proteus of the slumbering breast.

Yet not for these thy sacred name

I breathe, and on thy presence call,

For thou dost boast a higher claim,

Time hallowed aid and home of all!

Thou pourest forth thy golden birth,  
As Heaven's own quickening influence free,  
And blindest, in thy bounteous mirth,  
The meanest hand that waits on thee.

The shades which mark this fleeting lot,  
Man's trust or pride, with thee are vain;  
The weak, the low, thou scornest not;  
The feeble limb and captive's chain:

Thou callest, and our feverish woes,  
Scared at thy parent-voice, depart,  
And husheth in thy deep repose  
The weary and the worn in heart.

And who shall view thee, even as now,  
While fraught with life thy features lie,  
With verdure on that sunny brow,  
And gladness as a veil on high,  
Nor think of what must briefly be,  
In that stern hour of good or ill,  
When Thou shalt urge the dread decree,  
And whisper to the breast—Be still!

J. F. HOLLINGS.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

##### ENGLAND—ITALY.

NATIONS, like individuals, ought to listen to admonition. It is not from the flattery of friends, it is from the strictures of the hostile, or at least of the indifferent, that we must expect to derive that greatest of all benefits,—hints for correcting the errors of our character. Even where the censor is imperfectly informed, and is perhaps prejudiced, he may still say something justly to diminish our self-love, and to lead us to form a truer estimate of the value of others. In this point of view, and as a lesson, we extract the following comparison of England with Italy,—the English with the Italians,—which appeared in a recent notice in *Le Globe* of M. de Custines' "Mémoires et Voyages."

"England passes for being very picturesque, and is tolerably so in fact; but, with few exceptions, it is an insignificant and poor picturesqueness. Whatever route you pursue, and in whatever country you be, every where fine green turf, pretty clumps of trees, pleasant houses, and, in the midst of all this, a good road, winding like a gravel walk in a garden. But the sky is cloudy; but the undulations of the ground are monstrous; but there rarely appears one of those grand accidents of nature, one of those splendid spectacles which affect the mind and rouse the imagination. In a word, the landscape is more fresh than magnificent, more pretty than beautiful. In Italy, on the contrary, every thing is magnificent, every thing is beautiful. Do you behold, extending itself under a grand sky, between two noble seas, that land, which, from one extremity to the other, is furrowed by a long chain of mountains? What dazzling spectacles! What varied and sublime prospects! Here, broad valleys, embellished with all the luxury of a southern vegetation; there, gloomy passes, confined between a double range of gigantic and grotesque rocks; then, admirable views of the sea, with their deep and sinuous gulfs, with their islands, carved out like the scene of a theatre;\* and always (thanks to the sun) transparent air, outlines clearly defined, warm and brilliant colours. Really, if in countries so dissimilar the people were to resemble, it would be a miracle.

"As for towns, that is another affair. Towns are built by men, and ought to reveal a portion of their character and manners. Now, in England the towns have an air of regularity

\* Is not this a genuine French simile?—Translator.

and tameness, of insipidity and convenience. Whatever effort the memory may make, it finds it impossible to distinguish Worcester from Gloucester, Coventry from Shrewsbury. No where the deep shadows of architecture, except perhaps in some old cathedrals. It might almost be said that there is but one town in the country, and but one house in the town. In Italy there are no two towns which do not differ; there is not one in which, either with or without success, art has not attempted original efforts. Public monuments, private habitations, every thing has a character; every thing shews a people who love and seek the beautiful.

"This is the first difference between the Englishman and the Italian; a difference which the commonest observer cannot fail to remark. The beautiful is the passion of the one; the useful of the other. But if we examine them more closely, many other differences will strike us. In the language of the physiologists, we would say that the Englishman is a compound of the athletic and the phlegmatic; the Italian, of the bilious and the sanguine. Thus the Englishman is cold and constrained, the Italian ardent and volatile. Look at them walking, if only for a moment, hear them talking, if only for a minute, and you will know them immediately. Have you ever seen two horses; the one long-shanked, hard-mouthed, with out-stretched neck, trotting fast and roughly, difficult to put in motion, but, once off, difficult to check,—the other, rather short and thick, sensible of the slightest touch, leaping more than he runs, and prancing on the same spot until completely exhausted? Behold the Englishman and the Italian!

"People frequently laugh in Italy at the English, and at the accounts which they give of Italy on their return to England. Those accounts are what they must be. To judge, it is necessary to comprehend; now how can two individuals, whose organisations are so opposite, that they have not an idea alike, a common sentiment, comprehend each other? They might live for a century, side by side, without piercing the folds which conceal the one from the other. The Italian leaves himself in general to be guided by his impressions; the Englishman moves by certain rigorous, and, in some respects, established rules. In the one country, as M. de Castines has very well remarked, every body imposes upon himself the obligation of being in all respects like his neighbour; in the other, every body is what nature has made him, and follows his own fancies. Thus an Englishman is incessantly apprehensive of the criticism of all who surround him; which renders him timid and grave, stiff and silent. In the most numerous assembly, an Italian thinks himself alone, which renders him bold and simple, supple and noisy. Hence, in England, uniformity in the smallest things; in Italy, diversity even in the greatest: excessive, perhaps, and inconvenient, on both parts.

"Let us now pass in review every thing which can characterise the two countries; institutions, morals, habits, tastes; and every where we shall find analogous differences. Whatever is to be obtained by choice, an Englishman possesses: no one, for example, has more improved and developed industry; no one has more speedily established political liberty. On the contrary, whatever a happy and excitable organisation can confer, is enjoyed by the Italian: no one feels more strongly the value of the arts; no one devotes himself to them with greater success. But, as a balance,

the Englishman is troubled with ennui; and the Italian is a slave. We will say nothing of religion; that is too grave a subject to be treated in a cursory manner. However, in Italy still, religion shews itself to us as a pageant, in England as a propriety. Take away external worship, and few Italians will remain devotees: dissolve the alliance of church and state, and a great many English will become free-thinkers. In a single word, religion pleases the one because it is beautiful, the other because it is useful; and here the double character of the two nations is stamped, as it is elsewhere. As for morals, there can be no doubt that when submitted to regulation, they must be better than when abandoned to personal impressions: nevertheless, the Italians do not appear to us to be so corrupt, nor the English so virtuous, as they are said to be; and this we will one day endeavour to prove.

"To sum up. There is no man whose life is more arranged and enchainé beforehand than the Englishman's; there is no man whose life is more independent and unpremeditated than the Italian's. It is, therefore, with very different sentiments that the two nations are visited. What strikes you in England is an order, perhaps factitious, but grand; it is the spectacle of numerous efforts voluntarily concurring to the same end; it is a prodigious development of human power: it is, in a word, a fertile and energetic social principle, which penetrates every where, animates all. What offends you is the coldness and symmetry of every thing; the convention every where substituted for impulse; the despotic and inevitable empire of fashion,—not that light and frivolous queen whose throne is in France; but a sad and inflexible sovereign, with severe countenance and leaden sceptre;—in fine, that boundless devotion to the useful, which excludes almost every other thought, every other sentiment. On the contrary, what pleases in Italy is the universal feeling of the beautiful, which mingles itself as it were with the air; the originality of characters and the frankness of impressions; the total absence of affectation and formality; the life entirely abandoned to emotions, under a serene sky and in a smiling land. What displeases is the deplorable relaxation of all social and family ties. However, we know by experience, that a journey to Italy leaves behind it a much more lively desire to repeat the undertaking than a voyage to England. It is, no doubt, curious to look at machines; but all machines are similar, and we soon become tired of them. It is interesting to study a vast and powerful political organisation; but this study soon becomes a labour rather than a pleasure. And besides, without seeing England, one may form a notion of it in one's mind; but who can adequately conceive the enjoyments which Italy, with its climate and its arts, is capable of conferring? They are of a kind which never weary."

#### DRAMA.

##### HAYMARKET.

At this theatre the *First of April* was produced on the 31st of August: it is from the pen of Miss Boaden, and a broad bit of practical farce. The jokes seemed to be fully as effective upon the stage as they ever are when played off upon the credulous in actual life; the audience laughed,—and as nothing more is wanted at the Little Theatre, the piece was completely successful. The scene is laid in Dover Castle; and the chief character, a Sir

*Bumpkin Pedigree*, is played by Farren with infinite discrimination and humour. His servant and imitator, *Roughhead*, is also admirably performed by Mr. Webster; and the other parts well supported by Mrs. Humby, Mr. Vining, &c.

#### ENGLISH OPERA, ADELPHI.

NOVELTY and activity are here the order of the night: witness two new dramas in one week. The first, the *Deuce is in her*, by Mr. Raymond, is a pleasant trifle, which provokes no criticism; and the second, the *Foster Brothers*, a vaudeville, is yet a slighter production, and with less to recommend it to praise.

#### PARISIAN THEATRICALS.

AT almost all the minor theatres of Paris pieces have been brought out, having for their subjects the late memorable events in that capital. One of the most successful is a little vaudeville at the Théâtre des Variétés. Thanks to their physician, the Marquess and Marchioness de la Jobardière have slept during the three days of conflict. On awaking, the husband and wife recount to one another their dreams—delicious dreams, full of images of the revival of the ancient régime. But, lo! the patriotic journals arrive—the servants of the house are in arms—the physician appears in the uniform of the National Guard—the marquess's daughter wears a tricoloured scarf—her lover is one of Fayette's aides-de-camp! The poor people are in utter amazement. "What!" exclaims the marquess, "have we been asleep for a hundred years?" "Only for three days," is the reply. Eventually, he obtains a place, and is as happy as every body else.

#### VARIETIES.

*Chemistry.*—An Italian, named Baffi, has discovered that the lakes of natron in Egypt contain a considerable quantity of saltpetre, which may be prepared without fire, the rays of the sun causing a sufficient evaporation.

*Royal Hunting.*—A Paris paper states, that the hunting expenses of the ex-King of France, including the salaries of the master of the hounds and the other huntsmen, grooms, &c., were 695,957 francs per annum. Thus, during the reign of Charles X., which lasted five years, the country paid 3,500,000 francs, merely for his pleasures of the chase.

*Greece.*—The following curious statistical details relative to the Peloponnesus are taken from a French paper:—The Morea is separated into four provinces—Romania, Achaia, Messenia, and Lavonia. Romania includes the territories of Napoli, Argos, Corinth, Tripolitza, and the eight townships of Zaconia. Achaia comprehends the territories of Patras, Vostizza, Calavritta, and Gastuni. Messenia comprises the territories of Navarino, Modon, Coron, Andrussa, Calamata, Leondari, Caritania, Janar, and Arcadia. Laconia is composed of the territories of Malvoisia, Mistra, Bordugna, Chielefa, Passava, and Zarnata. The following is the number of the inhabited towns:—Romania 255, Achaia 419, Messenia 564, Lavonia 260, total 1,498. The number of the villages which have been destroyed is in Romania 80, 100 in Achaia, 72 in Messenia, and in Lavonia 50; total, 302. Of monasteries there are 41 in Romania, 30 in Achaia, 23 in Messenia, and 33 in Lavonia; total, 135. In Romania there are 9,557 families, Achaia 11,445, Messenia 13,488, and Laconia 11,717, making a total of 46,207. The total of the

population of Romania is 40,829 souls, Achaia 40,491 souls, Messenia 54,073, Lavonia 46,260; total, 190,653.

**Literature.**—The recent events in France appear to have had a material effect upon the book trade. The number of works on scientific and general subjects published in Paris during the last month is stated not to have been half what it was in the corresponding month of the last year. People in Paris seem to have no time for any other reading than politics.

**Respect for the Arts.**—Several instances of respect for the arts among the lower orders of Paris, during the late troubles, have been related: the feeling seems to have extended itself even to the ignorant bores of the Netherlands. An English baker at Brussels had his house attacked by the mob, because he was biscuit-baker to the king, and "therefore a royalist." A painting of the royal arms over his door, which was the performance of an artist of considerable talent, was torn down, and on the point of being destroyed, when one of the mob, observing that it was well executed, called out, "*Respectez les arts*;" and the painting was restored uninjured.

**Tartar of Wine.**—M. Berzelius has lately discovered in the tartar of wine an acid which differs sensibly from tartaric acid in the form of its crystallisation, while in other respects it resembles the latter in all its combinations. This instance of two acids having identical chemical properties and a different crystallisation, is not unique in the science. Among others, the phosphoric and the stanic acids present the same peculiarity.

**Public Works in Paris.**—It has been stated in the Paris papers that large sums of the public money are to be appropriated to the employment of the workmen in Paris, who might otherwise disturb its tranquillity. A private letter says, that with this view several of the streets in Paris are to be widened, the Chamber of Deputies is to be much improved, new vaults are to be constructed in the church of St. Denis, and the triumphal arch of the Barrière de l'Etoile is to be proceeded with in great style. The sum to be immediately applied to this purpose is 1,225,000 fr. thus divided:—

Chamber of Deputies.....	800,000
Triumphal Arch of the Barrière de l'Etoile.....	150,000
Royal Library.....	75,000
Ecole des Beaux Arts.....	100,000
Church of La Madeleine.....	200,000
Establishment for Deaf and Dumb.....	50,000
Garden of Plants.....	50,000
Church of St. Denis.....	100,000

1,225,000

**Venice.**—The *Ausland*, a Munich journal, announces that Venice will soon cease to be an island, as the town is to be united to the continent by a wooden bridge, two miles and a half long. A company has contracted for its construction, on condition of receiving a toll for thirty years. Independent of the immense advantages the town will derive from this enterprise, it will be of great service to the government, who have hitherto been obliged to expend a considerable sum of money to keep up the communication between Mestre and Venice by means of vessels. Last winter alone it cost 24,000 florins.

**Elixir de Garus.**—The following recipe for making Elixir de Garus, which has such reputation in France for the cure of coughs and colds, is given in the *Journal des Connaissances Usuelles*. Saffron 8 drachms, cinnamon 6, cloves 3, nutmegs 1, aloes 1, myrrh 1, alcohol at 32 deg. 10 pints. Let these be well

steeped for four days, and then distilled in a vessel placed in boiling water, and the liquid rectified, adding a quart of water. Then take 4 ounces of Canadian capillaire and 8 pounds of water, and let them infuse for four and twenty hours; strain, and add 12 pounds of white sugar, and 1 of orange-flower water. Let the sugar melt in cold water, put in the alcohol, with 2 drachms of saffron; and after remaining ten days, filter it, when it will be fit for use.

**New Metallic Mirror.**—M. Dobeiriner, while making experiments upon platina and its combinations, discovered that when the chloruret of this metal is heated gently with alcohol, a brown substance is obtained, which is easily blackened at a higher temperature, and may be dissolved without difficulty in alcohol. This substance is excellent for rubbing glass in order to make mirrors of platina: to effect which, the glass is to be dipped into the alcoholic solution, care being taken that it is spread uniformly on its surface, and is afterwards made red hot with the flame of a lamp of spirits of wine. The coat of platina thus deposited on the glass in its metallic state, adheres so strongly to it that it will be impossible to detach it. If, however, a mirror so made be plunged in hydrochloric acid, spread with water, and if at the same time a layer of zinc is placed in it, the whole layer of platina will dissolve instantly. A burnishing stick may be used to polish the platina.

The *Journal des Connaissances Usuelles*, in the course of an article on the employment of chlorurets of lime to prevent infection, says it may also be advantageously used to destroy the unpleasant smell of fresh paint. In a newly painted apartment, boards three feet long by two broad should be laid, and a quantity of hay, slightly damped, spread over them, upon which the chloruret should be sprinkled. If the room is carefully closed, it will be found that the decomposing action of the carbonic acid of the air will neutralise the smell of the paint. The chloruret of lime may also be employed to disinfect any nauseous receptacle.

**Algiers.**—The climate of this place is said to be very destructive to Europeans: the French troops have suffered to an extent which would be hardly credited. Bilious complaints, diarrhoeas, and dysenteries, chiefly caused by the fruit, which disagrees with strangers, and by the confined air of the place, the streets being only four feet wide at the bottom of the houses, and the tops touching,—are very prevalent; and leprosy is also common.

**Tunnels.**—These constructions were also known in former times. Strabo reports that a tunnel had been made at Babylon, under the Euphrates, from the royal palace to the Temple of Belus, fifteen feet long and twelve feet high. The breadth of this river was, at the described spot, a stadium (655 feet). But Herodotus mentions that the Euphrates was turned in its course at the time the tunnel was made.

**Czar Peter.**—There has been published lately at Petersburg a very curious work in four volumes, containing autograph and unpublished letters of Peter the Great. They have been preserved in the archives of the admiralty, and throw great light on the plans of this most extraordinary man to raise the Russian navy.

**Different Tastes!**—A French journal, in noticing the method of making English ginger-beer, says: "As French palates are more delicate than those of their neighbours on the other side of the water, perhaps it will be better to leave out the ginger!"

## LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXXVI. Sept. 4.]

The Churchyard Lyrist, consisting of Five Hundred original Inscriptions for Tombs,—is preparing for the press.

The Monthly Libraries and similar publications, 4 s. such as are produced periodically and contain much matter at a cheap rate, are becoming, even with all their numbers, more popular than ever. Since the new Waverley Novel series commenced, about fifteen months ago, above 300,000 copies have been sold, and nearly 100,000. Been paid for them by the public!

Sir Walter Scott is engaged on a continuation of Tales of a Grandfather: the new volumes are to be taken from French history, and are looked for at Christmas, or soon after. France has already furnished Vol. II. of the Juvenile Library a complete subject; and the Cabinet Cyclopaedia also announces the same history, in several volumes. The Author of "Marriage" is busy with a novel for next season, entitled *Destiny*: she is a good writer, and cannot fail, we think, to produce a good book.

Mr. Atherstone, the author of "The Fall of Nineveh" (a production of great ability, though we fear not sufficiently accordant with the taste of the day to have been encouraged as it ought), is also turning his attention to prose, and promises us the *Ses Kings in England*, a romance of the time of Alfred.

We hail with great satisfaction an announcement just put into our hands of an Egyptian Lexicon of the Coptic, Sahidic, and Bashmuric Dialects; containing all the Words preserved in all the accessible Manuscripts and published Works in the Dialects of Ancient Egypt; with their Signification in Greek, Latin, and English, by the Rev. Henry Tattam, and William Osburn, jun. It is to be published in a cheap form, and by subscription.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, Vol. X. History of the Netherlands, by T. C. Grattan, fcp. 6s. National Library, No. 1. Galt's Life of Byron, with Portrait, 18mo. 5s. bds.—Lawrence on the Venereal Diseases of the Eye, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Gaal on Chlorine in Consumption, by Potter, 8vo. 4s. bds.—Kearley's Tax Tables, 1830-1, 18mo. 1s. sewed.—Child's own Book, square 18mo. 7s. 6d. bds. Monsieur Nongongswa, Engravings by Cruikshank, 18mo. 1s. sewed.—Gunter's Confectioner's Catalogue, with Plates, 18mo. 6s. 6d. bds.—Family Classical Library, No. IX. Virgil, Vol. II. 18mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Parke's Musical Memoirs, 2 vols. post 8vo. 18s. bds.—Fuseli's Lectures on Painting, 2d series, 4to. 1s. 1s. bds.—Valpy's Divines, No. IV. Bishop Sherlock, Vol. IV. 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—The Friends, &c. 18mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Infant's own Book, 12mo. 3s. 6d. hf. bd.—Aldine Poets, Vol. V. Collins, fcp. 5s. bds.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

August.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 26	From 49. to 66.	29.76 Stationary
Friday... 27	51. — 65.	29.76 to 29.50
Saturday... 28	50. — 61.	29.36 — 29.51
Sunday... 29	46. — 64.	29.43 — 29.99
Monday... 30	38. — 65.	30.11 Stationary
Tuesday... 31	36. — 67.	30.16 Stationary
September.		
Wednesday 1	46. — 69.	30.23 Stationary

Prevailing wind, S.W.

Cloudy, and at times heavily raining, till the evening of the 29th, since which generally clear.

Rain fallen, .65 of an inch.

By some oversight the register for the 25th ult. was omitted in our last.

omitted in our last.		Thermometer.	Barometer.
Wednesday.. 25		From 53. to 66.	From 29.76 to 29.72

**Friday Morning.**—I have detained the Meteorological Report one post, in hopes of being able to give an account of the lunar eclipse of last night; but regret that the unfavourable state of the weather prevented a satisfactory observation. The moon was first dimly seen at seven minutes after ten; when the star  $\lambda$  Aquarii was about  $N$  north of the lunar disc, about two digits then remained unobscured; nor was the moon totally eclipsed at twenty minutes after ten, being more than half an hour after the time set down in the Nautical Almanac for the commencement of total darkness: at this time the whole of the lunar disc was visible, the part covered by the earth's shadow appearing, as usual, of a colour inclining to copper. The clouds prevented further observation, except from forty to fifty minutes after midnight, during which time the penumbral shadow was distinctly visible.

The spots at present on the sun are worthy of a telescopic observation.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.  
Latitude.....  $51^{\circ} 37' 32'' N$ .  
Longitude....  $0^{\circ} 3' 51'' W$  of Greenwich.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. B.'s feelings are for the closet, not for publication. An Old Subscriber is informed that we are as certain as one can be of such a matter, that Mr. T. C. Grattan, the writer of the History of the Netherlands in the Cabinet Cyclopaedia, is also the Author of "Highways and Byways." If the publication mentioned by Mr. Singley is sent to us, it will be noticed in the usual course.





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